

ANNA ST. IVES:

A NOVEL.

W. A. S. LIVES:

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A NOVEL.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHEPPERSON AND REYNOLDS,
NO. 137, OXFORD-STREET.

M.DCC.XCII.

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LETTER XIX.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX, AT VENICE.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université, près le Pont Royal.

I WRITE, Fairfax, according to promise, to inform you that I have been a fortnight in France, and four days in this city. The tract of country over which I have passed, within these three months, is considerable. From Naples

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B

to

to Rome; from Rome to Florence; from Florence to Venice, where we spent our carnival; from Venice to Modena, Parma, and Genoa; from thence to Turin; from Turin to Geneva; then, turning to the left, to Lyons; and from Lyons to Paris. Objects have passed before me in such a rapid succession, that the time I have spent abroad, though not more than a year and a half, appears something like a life. The sight of the proud Alps, which boldly look eternity in the face, imparts a sensation of length of time wholly inadequate to the few hours that are employed in passing them. The labour up is a kind of age; and the swift descent is like falling from the clouds, once more to become an inhabitant of earth.

Here

Here at Paris I half fancy myself at home. And yet, to timid people who have never beheld the ocean, and who are informed that seas divide France and England, Paris appears to be at an unattainable distance. Every thing is relative in this world; great or small near or distant only by comparison. The traveller who should have passed the deserts, and suffered all the perils all the emotions of a journey from Bengal by land, would think himself much nearer home, at Naples, than I do, coming from Naples, at Paris: and those who have sailed round the world seem satisfied that their labour is within a hair's breadth of being at an end, when they arrive, on their return, at the Cape of Good Hope.

You, Fairfax, have frequently asked me to give you accounts of this and that place, of the things I have seen, and of the observations I have made. But I have more frequently put the same kind of questions to myself, and never yet could return a satisfactory answer. I have seen people whose manners are so different from those of my own country, that I have seemed to act with them from a kind of conviction of their being of another species. Yet a moment's consideration undeceives me: I find them to be mere men. Men of different habits, indeed, but actuated by the same passions, the same desire of self-gratification. Yes, Fairfax, the sun moon and stars make their appearance, in Italy, as regularly as in England; nay
6 much

much more so, for there is not a tenth part of the intervening clouds.

When molested by their dirt, their vermin, their beggars, their priests, and their prejudices, how often have I looked at them with contempt! The uncleanness that results from heat and indolence, the obsequious slavishness of the common people, contrasted with their loquacious impertinence, the sensuality of their hosts of monks, nay the gluttony even of their begging friars, their ignorant adoration of the rags and rotten wood which they themselves dress up, the protection afforded to the most atrocious criminals if they can but escape to a mass of stone which they call sacred, the little horror in which they hold murder, the promptness with which they as-

fascinate for affronts which they want the spirit to resent, their gross buffooneries religious and theatrical, the ridiculous tales told to the vulgar by their preachers, and the improbable farces which are the delight of the gentle and the simple, all these, and many other things of a similar nature, seem to degrade them below rational creatures.

Yet reverse the picture, and they appear rather to be demi-gods than men ! Listen to their music ! Behold their paintings ! Examine their palaces, their basins of porphyry, urns and vases of Numidian marble, catacombs, and subterranean cities ; their sculptured heroes, triumphal arches, and amphitheatres in which a nation might assemble ; their Corinthian columns hewn from the rocks
of

of Egypt, and obelisks of granite transported by some strange but forgotten means from Alexandria; the simplicity the grandeur and beauty of their temples and churches; the vast fruitfulness of their lands, their rich vineyards, teeming fields, and early harvests; the mingled sublime and beautiful over the face of nature in this country, which is sheltered from invaders by mountains and seas, so as by a small degree of art to render it impregnable; their desolating earthquakes, which yet seem but to renovate fertility; their volcanos, sending forth volumes of flame and rivers of fire, and overwhelming cities which though they have buried they have not utterly destroyed; these and a thousand other particulars, which I can neither

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enumerate nor remember, apparently speak them a race the most favoured of heaven, and announce Italy to be a country for whose embellishment and renown earth and heaven, men and gods have for ages contended.

The recollection of these things appears to be more vivid, and to give me greater pleasure than I believe the sight of them afforded. Perhaps it is my temper. Impatient of delay, I had scarcely glanced at one object before I was eager to hunt for another. The tediousness of the Ciceroni was to me intolerable. What cannot instantly be comprehended I can scarcely persuade myself to think worthy of the trouble of enquiry. I love to enjoy; and, if enjoyment do not come to me, I must fly

to seek it, and hasten from object to object till it be overtaken.

Intellectual pleasures delight me, when they are quick, certain, and easily obtained. I leave those which I am told arise from patient study, length of time, and severe application, to the fools who think time given to be so wasted. Roses grow for me to gather : rivers roll for me to lave in. Let the slave dig the mine, but for me let the diamond sparkle. Let the lamb, the dove, and the life-loving eel writhe and die ; it shall not disturb me, while I enjoy the viands. The five senses are my deities ; to them I pay worship and adoration, and never yet have I been slack in the performance of my duty.

What ! Shall we exist but for a few

B 5

years,

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years, and of those shall there be but a few hours as it were of youth, joy, and pleasure, and shall we let them slip? Shall we cast away a good that never can return; and seek for pain, which is itself in so much haste to seek for us? Away with such folly! The opposite system be mine.

The voluptuous Italian, as wise in this as in other arts, knows better. He lives for the moment, and takes care not to let the moment slip. His very beggars, basking in the sun, will not remove, so long as hunger will suffer them to enjoy the happiness of being idle. Who so perfectly understand the luxury of indolence as the Lazaroni of Naples?

The Italian, indeed, seems to exert all the craft for which he is so famous, to accomplish

accomplish this sole purpose of enjoyment. He marries a wife, and the handsomest he can procure; that, when the ardour of desire is satiated, she may fleece some gallant, who shall pay for his pleasures elsewhere. And, as variety is the object of all, gallant succeeds to gallant, while he himself flies from mistress to mistress, and thus an equal barter is maintained.

This office of Cicisbeo is however an intolerably expensive one; especially to our countrymen. The Signora is so inventive in her faculties, there are so many trinkets which she dies to possess, and her wants, real and artificial, are so numerous, that the purse is never quiet in the pocket. And every Englishman

is supposed to be furnished with the purse of Fortunatus.

The worst because the most dangerous part of the business is, the ugly and the old think themselves entitled to be as amorous as the young and beautiful; and a tall fellow, with a little fresh blood in his veins, is sure to have no peace for them. Prithee, Fairfax, tell me how the Contessa behaved, when she found I had escaped from her amorous pursuit. She began to make me uneasy; and I almost thought it was as necessary for me to have a taster as any tyrant in Christendom. Poison and the stiletto disturbed my dreams; for there were not only she, but two or three more, who seemed determined to take no denial.

nial. I congratulated myself, as I was rolling down mount Cenys, to think that I was at length actually safe, and that the damned black-looking, hook-nosed, scowling fellow from Bergamo, whom I had so often remarked dogging me, was no longer at my heels.

But I have now bidden adieu to the *Cassini*, the *Carnivali*, and the *Donne*; and soon shall see what provision this land of France affords. For the short time that I have been here, I have no occasion to complain of my reception. I do not know why, Fairfax, but we Englishmen seem to be in tolerably good repute every where, with the ladies. Well, well, pretty dears, they shall find me very much at their service. I should be
forry

sorry to bring disgrace upon my nation, Fairfax. Would not you?

I expect to find you a punctual correspondent. Fail not to let me know, when, weary of being a *Cavaliere servente*, you shall leave the proud banks of the Adriatic, and the wanton Venice, for some other abode; that our letters may never miss their aim. I will relate every thing that happens to me, when it can either afford you amusement to read, or me satisfaction to write. You have too much honour and honesty not to do the same. Or, if not, I will try what a threat can do: therefore remember that, unless you fulfil the terms of our agreement, and give me an account of all your rogueries, adventures, successes, and

and hair-breadth escapes, I will choose some other more punctual and more entertaining correspondent.

Observe further, and let that be a spur to your industry, I have a tale in petto; a whimsical adventure which happened to me yesterday evening; but which I shall forbear to regale you with, for three substantial reasons: first because it is my good pleasure; secondly because I like it; and lastly such is my sovereign will. Nay, if that be all, I can give you three more: first because I am almost at the end of my paper; next because I may want a good subject when I write again; and finally because the post is a sturdy unceremonious fellow, and does not think proper to wait my leisure.

So

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So farewell, and believe me to be
very sincerely yours,

COKE CLIFTON.

P. S. I have this moment received
information that Sir Arthur St. Ives and
his daughter arrived yesterday in the
afternoon at Paris. I have heard that
the daughter is the most beautiful wo-
man in England, and that her wit is even
superior to her beauty. I am very glad
of the accident, for I have a great de-
sire to see her. My mother's last was
partly a letter of business, but chiefly
of recommendation, particularly of the
young lady: and in it was enclosed one
from my sister, Louisa, which gives a
very high character of her friend, Anna

St.

St. Ives. They have become acquainted since I have been abroad. The letter is loaded with advice to me, at which as you may well think I laugh. These girls, tied to their mother's apron-strings, pretend to advise a man who has seen the world ! But vanity and conceit are strange propensities, that totally blind the eyes of their possessors. I have lived but little at home, but I always thought the young lady a forward imperious miss ; yet I never before knew her so much on the stilts. I expect she will soon put on boots and buckskin, and horsewhip her fellows herself ; for she improves apace.

Once more farewell.

LET-

 LETTER XX.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegaude,
Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

AFTER abundance of jolting in carriages, sea-sickness, and such-like trifling accidents, incidental to us travellers, here we are at last, dear Louisa. My very first demand has been for pen ink and paper, to inform my kind friend of

our

our safe arrival: though I am so giddy, after this post haste four day's hurry, that I scarcely can write a straight line. Neither do I know whether I have any thing to say; though I seemed to myself to have acquired an additional stock of ideas, at the very moment that I first beheld Calais and the coast of France.

What is there, my dear, in the human mind, that induces us to think every thing which is unusual is little less than absurd? Is it prejudice, is it vanity, or is it a short and imperfect view; a want of discrimination? I could have laughed, but that I had some latent sense of my own folly, at the sight of a dozen French men and women, and two or three loitering monks, whom curiosity had drawn together

together upon the pier-head, to see us come into port. And what was my incitement to laughter?—It was the different cut of a coat. It was a silk bag, in which the hair was tied, an old sword, and a dangling pair of ruffles; which none of them suited with the poverty of the dress, and meagre appearance, of a person who seemed to strut and value himself upon such marks of distinction.

Sterne was in my pocket, and his gentle spirit was present to my mind. Perhaps the person who thus excited a transient emotion of risibility was a nobleman. For the extremes of riches and of poverty are, as I have been informed, very frequent among the nobility of France. He might happen to think himself

himself a man highly unfortunate and aggrieved. The supposition occasioned my smile to evaporate in a sigh.

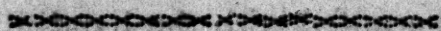
But the houses!—They were differently built!—Could that be right? They were not so clean! That was certainly wrong. In what strange land is the standard of propriety erected?—Then the blue and brown jackets of the women; their undaunted manner of staring; their want of hats, and stays; the slovenly look of slippers not drawn up at the heel; the clammy wooden shoes of some, and the bare feet of others; nay their readiness to laugh at the uncouth appearance of the people who were condemning them for being ridiculous; what could all this be? But how came I so unaccountably to forget that children

children and beggars sometimes go bare-foot in England ; and that few people, perhaps, are more addicted to stare and laugh at strangers than ourselves ? Oh ! But the French are so polite a nation that even the common people are all well bred ; and would enter a drawing-room with more ease and grace than an English gentleman !—Have you never heard this nonsense, Louisa ?

The character of nations, or rather of mind, is apparent in trifles. Granted. Let us turn our eyes back to the shores we have so lately left : let us examine the trifles we hang about ourselves. How many of them, which characterize and as it were stamp the nation with absurdity, escape unobserved ! We see them every day ; we have adopted and

made

made them our own, and we should be strangely offended, should any person take the liberty, having discovered the folly of them, to laugh at us.



I wrote thus far last night ; but learning, on enquiry, that Tuesdays and Fridays are foreign post days, I left off ; being rather indisposed after my journey.

'Tis only a swimming in the head, which will soon leave me ; though I find it has returned upon me occasionally all the morning. But to my pleasing task ; again let me prattle to my friend.

The innkeepers of Calais come themselves, or send their waiters, to watch for and invite passengers to their houses ; and will not be dismissed without difficulty.

culty. The most daring endeavour to secure customers, by seizing on some of their trunks, or baggage. But we had determined to go to Dessen's, and the active Frank soon made way for us.

I was amused with the handbill, stuck up against the walls of this inn, or hotel, as it is called; announcing it to be the largest, the completest, the most magnificent, with a thousand *et cæteras*, in the universe; and recounting not only its numerous accommodations, but the multifarious trades which it contained within its own walls; to all which was added a playhouse. A playhouse it is true there was, but no players; and as for trades, there were at least as many as we wanted. Sir Arthur took over his own carriage; otherwise this first of inns in the

the universe would not have furnished him with one, but on condition of its being purchased.

Sir Arthur observed it was strange that the French innkeepers should not yet have discovered it to be their interest to keep carriages for travellers, as in England. To which Frank Henley shrewdly answered, that the book of post roads, in his hand, informed him government was in reality every where the innkeeper; and reserved to itself the profits of posting. And the deepest thinkers, added Frank, inform us that every thing in which governments interfere is spoiled. I remarked to him that this principle would lead us a great way. Yes, said he, but not too far: and, playing upon my words, added, it would lead us back to

the right way, from which we appear at present to have strayed, into the very labyrinth of folly and blunders.

Frank is earnestly studious of the effects of governments, and laws; and reads the authors who have written best on such subjects with great attention, and pleasure. He and Sir Arthur by no means agree, in politics; and Sir Arthur has two or three times been half affronted, that a man so young and so inferior to himself, as he supposes Frank to be, should venture to be of a different opinion, and dispute with him; who was once in his life too a member of parliament. I am obliged now and then silyly to remind him of the highwayman and Turnham Green.

And now, Louisa, traveller like, could

I regale

I regale you with a melancholy narrative, relating how the fields in this country have no hedges; how the cows are as meagre as their keepers; how wretched the huts and their owners appear; how French postillions jump in and out of jack-boots, with their shoes on, because they are too heavy to drag after them; how they harness their horses with ropes; how dexterously they crack the merciless whips with which they belabour the poor hacks they drive; how we were obliged to pay for five of these hacks, having only four in our carriage, and two of them frequently blind, lame, or useless; with many other items, that might be grievous to hear, could I but persuade myself thoroughly to pity or be angry at the whole French

C 2

nation,

nation, for not exactly resembling the English. But do they themselves complain? Mercy on us! Complain?—Nothing is so grateful to their hearts, as the praise of that dear country, which English travellers are so prone to despise!

Frank as usual has been all attention, all ardour, all anxiety, to render our journey as pleasant as possible. His efforts have been chiefly directed to me; my ease, my satisfaction, my enjoyment, have been his continual care. Not that he has neglected or overlooked Sir Arthur. He overlooks no living creature, to whom he can give aid. He loses no opportunity of gaining the esteem and affection of high and low, rich and poor. His delicacy never flumbers.

His

His thirst of doing good is never assuaged. I am young it is true, but I never before met a youth so deserving. Think of him myself I must not, though I would give kingdoms, if I had them, to see him completely happy.

And now, dear Louisa, I am soon to meet your brother. Why do I seem to recollect this with a kind of agitation? Is there rebellion in my heart? Would it swerve from the severe dictates of duty? No. I will set too strict a watch over its emotions. What! Does not Louisa honour me with the title of friend, and shall I prove unworthy of her friendship? Forbid it emulation, truth, and virtue!

How happy should I be were your brother and Frank Henley to conceive

an immediate partiality for each other! How much too would it promote the project I wish to execute! I have been taxing my invention to form some little plot for this purpose, but I find it barren. I can do nothing but determine to speak of Frank as he deserves; which surely will gain him the love of the whole world. And for his part, I know how ready he will be to give merit its due.

I have more than once purposely mentioned your brother's name to Sir Arthur, when Frank was present; in some manner to prepare and guard him against surprise. But I could not but remark my hints had an effect upon him that betrayed how much his heart was alarmed. He thinks too favourably, and I fear too frequently of me. What can be done?

done ? The wisest of us are the slaves of circumstances, and of the prejudices of others. How many excellent qualities are met in him ! And for these to be rejected— ! Alas !—We must patiently submit to the awful laws of necessity.

Neither is Sir Arthur without his fears and suspicions. His discourse betrays his alarms. He cannot conceive that a love of the merits of Frank can be distinct from all love of his person. The crime of disobedience in children, the ruin of families by foolish and unequal marriages, and the wretchedness which is the result of such guilty conduct, have been hinted at more than once lately ; and though not with many words, yet with a degree of anxiety that gave me

pain, for it taught me, being suspected, half to suspect myself.

But I must conclude: my travelling vertigo I find is not immediately to be shaken off. I imagine that a few hours calm sleep will be my best physician. Adieu. I shall wait, with some impatience, for a letter from my dear Louisa.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET.

LETTER XXI.

FRANK HENLEY**TO****OLIVER TRENCHARD.***Paris, Hôtel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegande,**Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

MY emotions, Oliver, are too strong to permit me to narrate common occurrences. I can only tell thee our journey is ended, that we arrived yesterday, and that we are now at Paris. My feelings are more tumultuous than they ought to

be, and seek relief in the mild and listening patience of friendship.

First however I must relate a singular adventure, which happened yesterday evening.

After I had seen our baggage properly disposed of, curiosity led me, though night was approaching, to walk out and take a view of the famous façade of the Louvre. From thence I strayed, through the gardens of the Thuilleries, to the Place de Louis XV; being delighted with the beauties around me, but which I have not now time to describe. A little farther are the Champs Elysées, where trees planted in quincunx afford a tolerably agreeable retreat to the Parisians.

It was now twilight. The idlers had retired;

retired; for I suppose, from what followed, that it is not very safe to walk after dark, in these environs. Ignorant of this, and not apprehensive of any danger, I had strayed to a considerable distance among the trees, against one of which I stood leaning, and contemplating the banks of the Seine, the Palais Bourbon, and other surrounding objects. All was silent, except the distant hum of the city, and the rattling of carriages, which could but just be heard.

Amid this calm, I was suddenly alarmed by voices in anger, and approaching. They spoke in French, and presently became more distinct and loud.

Draw, sir, said one.

Mort de ma vie, come along, answered the other.

Draw, sir, I say; replied the first. I neither know who you are nor what your intentions may be. I will go no further. Draw!

Sacristi, answered his antagonist, we shall be interrupted: the guard will be upon us in a moment.

The first however was resolute, and in an imperious voice again bade him draw. Their swords were instantly out, and they began to assault each other. Thou mayst imagine, Oliver, I would not cowardly stand and be a spectator of murder. They were not twenty paces from me. I flew; when, to my great surprise, one of them called, in English, Keep off, sir! Who are you? Keep off! And, his enemy having dropt his guard, he presented his point to me.

It

It was no time to hesitate. I rushed resolutely between them; holding up my open hands above my head, to shew the Englishman, who seemed apprehensive of a conspiracy, he had nothing to fear from me. His anger almost overcame him: he held up his sword, as if to strike with it, and with great haughtiness and passion again bade me begone. Have patience, sir, answered I. Men shall not assassinate each other, if I can prevent it.

Let us retire, said the Frenchman: I knew we should be interrupted.

You shall not fight. I will follow you, added I, will call for help.

You are a damned impertinent fellow, said the Englishman.

Be

Be it so ; but you shall not fight, was my answer.

The combatants, finding me so determined, put up their swords, and mutually exchanged their addrefs; after which they feparated. So that it is probable, Oliver, my interference has done no good. But that I muft leave to chance. I could not act otherwife.

This incident, fo immediately after my arrival, in a place fo ftrange to me, and coming fo fuddenly, made too great an impreffion upon me not to tell it thee. Though I have another topic much nearer my heart; the true ftate of which has been fhewn me, by an event of which I will now inform thee.

We

We are lodged here in the first floor, consisting of many chambers, each of which is a thoroughfare to the most distant. It is not ten minutes since I was seated, and preparing to write to thee, when Anna came to pass through the room where I was, and retire to her own apartment. She was fatigued, I imagine, by the journey; though I frequently fear the ardour of her mind will injure her constitution. She walked with some difficulty, was evidently giddy, and staggered. I was alarmed, and was rising, when she called to me faintly,—“ Help me, Frank !”

I sprung and caught her as she was falling. I received her in my arms! And my agitation was so violent, that it was with difficulty I could preserve
strength

strength enough to support her, and seat her in the chair I had quitted.

The house to me was a kind of wilderness. I knew not where to run, yet run I did for water. I called Laura, with a latent wish that nobody might help her but myself; and, as it happened, nobody heard. I returned; she recovered, thanked me, with her usual heavenly kindness, and I conducted her to her apartment, she leaning on my arm.

Oh! Oliver, is it wrong to feel what I feel, at the remembrance? If it be, reprove me sternly; teach me my duty, and I will thank thee. Surely there is something supernatural hovers over her! At least she resembles no other mortal! Then her kindness to me, her looks, her smiles,

smiles, her actions, are all intentional benignancy. She is now but three chambers distant from me; enjoying as I hope refreshing slumbers. Angels guard her, and inspire her dreams. No matter for the nonsense of my words, Oliver; thou knowest my meaning. She desired me to bid Laura not disturb her; and here I sit, watchful of my precious charge. Grateful, heart-soothing office!

And now, Oliver, what am I to think? My fears would tie my tongue; but, either I am deluded or hope brightens upon me, and I want the self-denying resolution of silence. Yes, Oliver, I must repeat, there is such sweetness in her countenance, when she speaks to me, such a smile, so inviting, so affirmative, that

that I am incessantly flattering myself it cannot but have a meaning. I have several times lately heard her sigh; and once so emphatically that I think it impossible I should be deceived. I and Sir Arthur were conversing. I was endeavouring to shew the pernicious tendency of the prejudices of mankind, and inadvertently touched upon the absurdity of supposing there could be any superiority, of man over man, except that which genius and virtue gave. Sir Arthur did not approve the doctrine, and was pettish. I perhaps was warmed, by a latent sense of my own situation, and exclaimed—"Oh! How many noble hearts are groaning, at this instant, under the oppression of these prejudices! Hearts that groan, not because they

“ they suffer, but because they are
“ denied the power effectually to aid
“ their very oppressors, who exert the
“ despotism of numbers, to enforce
“ claims which they themselves feel to
“ be unjust, but which they think it
“ dishonourable to relinquish !”——It
was then the sigh burst forth of which I
told thee. I turned and found her eyes
fixed upon me. She blushed and look-
ed down, and then again bent them
toward me. I was heated and daring.
We exchanged looks, and said—! Vo-
lumes could not repeat how much !—
But surely neither of us said any thing
to the other’s disadvantage.

Oh ! The bliss to perceive myself un-
derstood and not reproved ! To meet
such emanations of mind—! Ecstasy is
a poor

a poor word! Once more she seemed to repeat—*She would love me if I would let her.*

Tell me, then—Have I not reason on my side? And, if I have, will she not listen? May she not be won? Shall I doubt of victory, fighting under the banners of truth? Alas!—Well well—

My own sensations, Oliver, are so acute, and I am so fearful lest they should lead me astray, that I could not forbear this detail—Let us change the theme.

Well, here we are, in France; and, wonderful to tell, France is not England!

I imagine it is impossible to travel
through

through a foreign country, without falling into certain reveries; and that each man will fashion his dreams in part from accident, and in part according to the manner in which he has been accustomed to ruminate. Thy most excellent father, Oliver, early turned my mind to the consideration of forms of government, and their effects upon the manners and morals of men. The subject, in his estimation, is the most noble that comes under our cognizance; and the more I think myself capable of examining, and the more I actually do examine, the more I am a convert to his opinion. How often has it been said of France, by various English philosophers, and by many of its own sages, What a happy country would this be, were it well governed!

verned ! But, with equal truth, the same may be said of every country under heaven ; England itself, Oliver, in spite of our partialities, not excepted.

How false, how futile, how absurd is the remark that a despotic government, under a perfect monarch, would be the state of highest felicity ! First an impossible thing is asked ; and next impossible consequences deduced. One tyrant generates a nation of tyrants. His own mistakes communicate themselves east, west, north, and south ; and what appeared to be but a spark becomes a conflagration.

How inconsistent are the demands and complaints of ignorance ! It wishes to tyrannize, yet exclaims against tyranny ! It grasps at wealth, and pants after

power; yet clamours aloud, against the powerful and the wealthy! It hourly starts out into all the insolence of pride; yet hates and endeavours to spurn at the proud!

Among the many who have a vague kind of suspicion that things might be better, are mingled a few, who seem very desirous they should remain as they are. These are the rich; who, having by extortion and rapine plundered the defenceless, and heaped up choice of viands and the fat of the land, some sufficient to feed ten, some twenty, some a hundred, some a thousand, and others whole armies, and being themselves each only able to eat for one, say to the hungry, who have no food—"Come! Dance
"for my sport, and I will give you
"bread.

“bread. Lick the dust off my shoes,
“and you shall be indulged with a mor-
“sel of meat. Flatter me, and you
“shall wear my livery. Labour for me,
“and I will return you a tenth of your
“gain. Shed your blood in my behalf,
“and, while you are young and robust,
“I will allow you just as much as will
“keep life and soul together; when
“you are old, and worn out, you may
“rob, hang, rot, or starve.”

Would not any one imagine, Oliver,
that this were poetry? Alas! It is mere,
literal, matter of fact.

Yet let us not complain. Men begin
to reason, and to think aloud; and
these things cannot always endure.

I intended to have made some obser-
vations on the people, the aspect of the
country,

country, and other trifles; I scarcely now know what: but I have wandered into a subject so vast, so interesting, so sublime, that all petty individual remarks sink before it. Nor will I for the present blur the majesty of the picture, by ill-placed, mean, and discordant objects. Therefore, farewell.

F. HENLEY.

P. S. Examine all I have said, and what I am going to add, relative to myself, with severity. Mine is a state of mind in which the jealous rigour of friendship appears to be essentially necessary. I have been seized with I know not what apprehensions, by some hints which she has two or three times lately repeated, concerning the brother of her

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D

dear

dear and worthy friend, Louisa; who, it seems, is to give us the meeting at Paris. Is it not ominous? At least the manner in which she introduced the subject, and spoke of him, as well as the replies of Sir Arthur, were all of evil augury. Yet, why torment myself with imaginary terrors? Should the brother resemble the friend—! Well! What if he should? Would it grieve me to find another man of virtue and genius, because it is possible my personal interest might be affected by the discovery? No. My mind has still strength sufficient to reject, nay to condemn, so unworthy a thought. But he may be something very different! Love her he must: all who behold her love! The few words she has occasionally dropped,
have

have led me to suspect "more was meant
"than met the ear." Whenever this
chord is touched, my heart instantly be-
comes tremulous; and with sensibility
so painful as fully to lay open its weak-
ness; against which I must carefully
and resolutely guard. It is these incon-
gruous these jarring tokens that engen-
der doubt, and suspense, almost insup-
portable.

LETTER XXII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegaude,
Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

THE oddest and most unlucky accident imaginable, Louisa, has happened. Your brother and Frank have unfortunately half quarrelled, without knowing each other. I mentioned a giddiness with which I was seized; the consequence,

quence, as I suppose, of travelling. I was obliged to retire to my chamber; nay should have fallen as I went, but for Frank. I desired he would tell Laura not to disturb me; and he it seems planted himself sentinel, with a determination that neither Laura nor any other person should approach. I am too often in his thoughts: he is wrong to bestow so much of his time and attention on me. Sir Arthur was gone to look about him; having first sent a note, unknown to me, to inform your brother of our arrival; and requesting to see him, as soon as convenient.

Away hurried your brother, at this mal apropos interval, with Sir Arthur's note in his pocket, to our hotel. He enquired for my father?

D 3

He

He was gone out.

For me?

Laura answered she would call me.

She was running with great haste, for this purpose, but was intercepted by Frank; who, agreeably to my desire, would not suffer her to proceed. She returned; and your brother, referring again to Sir Arthur's note, was much surprised, and rather vexed.

He asked by whose order she was sent back.

She answered by the order of Mr. Frank.

Who was Mr. Frank?

A young gentleman; [Laura has repeated all that passed] the son of Mr. Aby Henley.

And who was Mr. Aby Henley?

The

The steward and gardener of Sir Arthur ; his head man.

Steward and gardener ? The son of a gardener a gentleman ?

Yes, sir. To be sure, sir, among thorough bred quality, though perhaps he may be better than the best of them, he is thought no better than a kind of a sort of a gentleman ; being not so high born.

Well, said your brother, shew me to this son of Mr. Aby ; this peremptory gentleman ; or, as you call him, kind of a sort of a gentleman !

Laura obeyed ; and she says they were quite surpris'd at the sight of each other ; but that I suppose to be one of the flourish'es of her fancy. Your brother, however, as I understand, desired,

with some haughtiness, that Frank would suffer the maid to pass, and inform me he was come, agreeably to Sir Arthur's request, to pay his respects to me. Frank resolutely refused; alleging I was not well. Not well! Said your brother. Is not this Sir Arthur's handwriting? Yes, replied Frank; but I assure you she is not well: and I am afraid that even our speaking may awaken her, if she should chance to be asleep. I must therefore request, sir, you would retire.

The oddness of the circumstances, and the positiveness of Frank, displeased your brother. Sir Arthur happened to return; and he went to him, scarcely taking time for first compliments, but asking whether it were true that I was not well. Sir Arthur was surprised: he
knew

knew nothing of it! I had not thought a giddiness in the head worth a complaint. Laura was again sent to tell me; and was again denied admittance. Sir Arthur then, with your brother, came to question Frank; who continued firm in his refusal; and when Sir Arthur and your brother had heard that I was so dizzy as to be in danger of falling, had not he supported me, they were satisfied. But such a meeting, between Frank and your brother, was quite vexatious: when the very reverse too was wished! However he is to visit us this morning; and I will then endeavour to do justice to the worth of Frank, and remove false impressions, which I have some reason to fear have been made.

D 5

I will:

I will pause here ; but, if I find an opportunity, will write another short letter, under the same cover, by this post : that is, should I happen to have any thing more to say—This accident was exceedingly unlucky, and I seem as if I felt myself to blame ; especially as I am quite in spirits this morning, and relieved from my giddy sensations. I am sorry ; very sorry : but it cannot be helped.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX,

Paris, Hotel de l'Université, près le Pont Royal.

IT was well I did not tell my tale in my last, Fairfax; it would have been spoiled. I knew it only by halves. It has ended in the most singular combination of circumstances one could well imagine.

You remember I told you of the ar-

D 6

rival

rival of Sir Arthur St. Ives, and his daughter; I believe it was in the postscript; and that I was immediately going to—Pshaw! I am beginning my story now at the wrong end. It is throughout exceedingly whimsical. Listen, and let amazement prop your open mouth.

You must have observed the ease with which Frenchmen, though perfect strangers to each other, fall into familiar conversation; and become as intimate in a quarter of an hour, as if they had been acquainted their whole lives. This is a custom which I very much approve. But, like all other good things, it is liable to abuse.

The other day I happened to be taking a walk on the Boulevards, it being a church festival, purposely to see the
good

good Parisians in all their gaiety and glory; and a more cheerful, at least a more noisy people, do not, I believe, exist. As I was standing to admire a wax-work exhibition of all the famous highwaymen, and cut-throats, whose histories are most renowned in France, and listening to the fellow at the door, bawling—*Aux Voleurs! Aux grands Voleurs!*—Not a little amused with the murderous looks, darkness, dungeons, chains and petty horror which they had mimicked, a man uncommonly well-dressed, with an elegant person and pleasing manners, came up and immediately fell into discourse with me. I encouraged him, because he pleased me. We walked together, and had not conversed five minutes before, without seeming to seek

seek an opportunity, he had informed me that he was the Marquis de Passy, and that he had left his carriage and attendants, because he like me took much pleasure in observing the hilarity of the holiday citizens. He had accosted me, he said, because he had a peculiar esteem for the English; of which nation he knew me to be, by my step and behaviour.

We talked some time, and though he made no deep remarks, he was very communicative of anecdotes, which had come within his own knowledge, that painted the manners of the nation. Among other things, he told me it was not uncommon for valets to dress themselves in their masters clothes, when they supposed them to be at a distance,

or

or otherwise engaged, assume their titles, and pass themselves upon the *Bourgeoisie* and foreigners for counts, dukes, or princes. It was but this day fortnight, said he, that the Marechal de R—— surprised one of his servants in a similar disguise, and with some jocularity publicly ordered the fellow to walk at his heels, then went to his carriage, and commanded him, full dressed as he was, to get up behind.

He had scarcely ended this account before another person came up, and with an air of some authority asked him where his master was, what he did there, and other questions.

To all this my quidam acquaintance, with a degree of surprise that seemed to be tempered with the most pleasing and
5 unaffected

unaffected urbanity, replied, without being in the least disconcerted, sir, you mistake me : but I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to mean any wilful affront.

Affront ! Why whom do you pretend yourself to be, sir ?

Sir, I am the Marquis de Passy.

You the Marquis de Passy?—

Yes, sir ; I !—

Insolent scoundrel !—

No gentleman, sir, can suffer such language ; and I insist upon satisfaction.—And accordingly my champion drew his sword. His antagonist, looking on him with ineffable contempt, answered he would take some proper opportunity to cane him as he deserved.

I own I was amazed. I reasoned a

short time with myself, and concluded the person was mistaken; for that it was impossible for any man to counterfeit so much ease, or behave with so much propriety, who was not a gentleman. I therefore thought proper to interfere, and told the intruder that, having given an insult, he ought not to be afraid of giving satisfaction—

And pray, sir, said he, who are you?

A gentleman, sir, answered I—

Yes. As good a one as your companion, I suppose—

You know, Fairfax, it is not customary with me to suffer insolence to triumph unchastised, and I ordered him immediately to draw.

What, sir, in this place, said he?

Follow

Follow me, if you have any valour to spare.

His spirit pleased me, and I followed. I know not what became of the fellow, whose cause I had espoused; for I saw him no more.

My antagonist led me across the rue St. Honoré, to a place which I suppose you know, called the Elysian Fields. It began to be late, and I am told there is danger in passing the precincts of the guard. I apprehended a conspiracy, and at last refused to proceed any farther. Finding me obstinate he drew, but said we should be interrupted.

He was no false prophet; for we had not made half a dozen passes before a youth, whom from his boots and appearance

ance I supposed to be English, came running and vociferating—Forbear! I was not quite certain that his appearance might not be artifice; I therefore accosted him in English, in which language he very readily replied. He was quite a sturdy, dauntless gentleman; for, though our swords were drawn, and both of us sufficiently angry, he resolutely placed himself between us, declaring we should not fight; and that, if we went farther, he would follow.

Nothing was to be done; and I now began to suspect the person, with whom I had this ridiculous quarrel, to be really a gentleman. I gave him my address, and he readily returned his; after which we parted, he singing a French song, and I cursing the insolence of the English

glish youth, who seemed to disregard my anger, and to be happy that he had prevented the spilling of blood.

Remember that all this happened on the preceding evening, after I had written the greatest part of my last long letter. The next morning I finished it, and received a note from Sir Arthur St. Ives, as I mentioned.

As soon as I could get dressed, I hastened away; and, arriving at the hotel, enquired for the knight?

He was gone out.

For his daughter?—

She had retired to her apartment.

I sent in my name. The maid went, and returned with an answer that Mr. Frank did not think it proper for her mistress to be disturbed. Now, Fairfax,

fax, guess who Mr. Frank was if you can ! By heaven, it was the very individual youth who, the night before, had been so absolute in putting an end to our duel !

I was planet-struck ! Nor was his surprise less, when he saw me, and heard my errand and my name.

I found my gentleman as positive in the morning as in the evening. He was the dragon ; touch the fruit who dared ! Jason himself could not have entrance there ! And he was no less cool than determined. I was almost tempted to toss him out of the window.

However I am glad I contained myself ; for, on the entrance of Sir Arthur, we came to an explanation ; and I find
the

the young lady was really indisposed. But, considering his mongrel birth and breeding, for he is the son of a gardener, I really never saw a fellow give himself such high airs.

Sir Arthur received me with great civility. I have not yet seen the daughter, but I expect to find her a beauty. She is the toast of the county where her father resides. I am to be with her in half an hour; and, as I suppose I shall be fully engaged with this and other affairs for some days, I shall seal up my letter: you must therefore wait for an account of her, till inclination and the full tide of events shall induce me again to indite of great matters.

I shall direct this, agreeably to your
last,

last, to your banker's, in Parma. Do not fail to tell me when you shall be at Turin.

Yours very sincerely,

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. My opponent of the Elyfian Fields has just paid me a visit. He is a man of family; seems to be of a flighty pleasant humour; and acknowledged that what he had heard convinced him he had mistaken my character; for which he was very ready either to cut my throat or ask my pardon. His ease and good temper spoke much in his favour; and I laughed, and answered, in mercy to my throat, I would accept his apology. In consideration of which we are to cultivate an acquaintance, and be sworn friends.

L E T-

LETTER XXIV.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES**TO****LOUISA CLIFTON.**

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegaude,
Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

I RETURN eagerly to my Louisa. Mr. Clifton, my dear, has this instant left us. I give you joy! Yes, he is the brother of my friend! I do not say he is her equal, though I am not quite sure that he is her inferior. He is all animation,

mation, all life. His person is graceful, his manners pleasing, and his mind vigorous. I can say but little from so short an acquaintance; except that I am convinced his virtues, or his errors, if he have any, [And who is without?] are not of the feeble kind. They are not characterised by dull mediocrity; which, of all qualities, is the most hopeless, and incapable. He gave his earnest desire to see me, when he was refused by Frank, the air of a handsome compliment; politely accusing himself of improper impatience, when he was in expectation of what he was pleased to call an uncommon pleasure. Though it was our first interview, he felt no restraint; but said many very civil things naturally,

rally, and with an exceedingly good grace.

I purposely turned the conversation on Frank, related some anecdotes of him, and bestowed praise which was confirmed by Sir Arthur. Your brother, whose imagination is warm and active, called him a trusty Cerberus; and said he had a mouth to answer each of the three; meaning Laura, himself, and Sir Arthur. Various remarks which escaped him shew that he has a fondness for pleasant satire, and similes of humour.

He praised Frank, after hearing our account of him; but his praise was qualified with the word obstinacy. There was an appearance of feeling that the gentleman ought not to have been so sternly

sternly repulsed, by the son of a steward.—And was this his kindred equality to my friend?—Forgive me, Louisa—It was unjust in me to say I was not quite sure he is your inferior—However I can very seriously assure you, he is not one of your every day folks.

Frank came in, and your brother addressed him with good humour, but in a tone denoting it was the gentleman to the sort of a gentleman. I own it pleased me to observe the ease with which Frank, by his answers, obliged Mr. Clifton to change his key. But I soon had occasion to observe that the warmth of your brother's expressions, his eagerness to be immediately intimate with us, and the advances which he with so little sense of embarrassment made to me, had an ef-

fect upon Frank which, I greatly fear, was painful. I must look to this; it is a serious moment, and I must seriously examine, and quickly resolve. In the meantime, your brother has kindly insisted upon devoting himself wholly to our amusements; to attend on us, and shew us the public buildings, gardens, paintings, and theatres; as well as to introduce us to all his friends.

And what must we do in return for this well-meant kindness? Must we not endeavour to weed out those few errors, for few I hope they are, which impoverish a mind in itself apparently fertile and of high rank?—Yes, it instantly suggested itself to me as an indispensable act of duty—The attempt must be made—With what obstinate warfare do

men encounter peril when money, base money is their proposed reward ! And shall we do less for mind, eternal omnipotent mind ?

He is returned. Adieu. You shall soon hear again from your

A. W. ST. IVES.

I have
 acquainted with your charming friend
 done me the favour to bring me
 upon my soul, and seriously, for having
 am excessively obliged to you, I am
 not forgetting your advice. Not but I
 after, to thank you for all obligations,
 I WRITE agreeably to your desire.

 LETTER XXV.

COKE CLIFTON

TO HIS SISTER,

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université, près le Pont Royal:

I WRITE agreeably to your desire, sister, to thank you for all obligations, not forgetting your advice. Not but I am excessively obliged to you; I am upon my soul, and seriously, for having done me the favour to bring me acquainted with your charming friend.

I have

I have seen many women and in many countries, but I never beheld one so sweet, so beautiful, so captivating! I had heard of her before I left England, her fame had reached Italy, and your letters had raised my expectations. But what were these? The accomplishments and graces of her person, the variety, the pleasure inspiring heaven of her countenance, the cupids that wanton in her dimples, and the delights that swim and glisten in her eyes, are each and all exquisite beyond imagination!

Whatever you may think of me, Louisa, I do persuade myself I know something of women. I have studied them at home and abroad, and have often probed them to the soul. But I never before met with any one in the

least comparable to the divine Anna! She is so unreserved, so open, that her soul seems to dwell upon her lips. Yet her thoughts are so rapid, and her mind so capacious, that I am persuaded it will cost me much longer time to know her well than any other woman with whom I ever met.

Having thanked you very heartily and sincerely for this favour, I shall just say a word or two in answer to yours.

And so you really think you have some morality on hand, a little stale or so but still sound, which you can bestow with advantage upon me? You imagine you can tell me something I never heard before? Now have you sincerely so much vanity, Louisa? Be frank. You acknowledge I have crossed rivers, seas,

seas, and mountains, but you are afraid I have shut my eyes all the time! *A loud tongue and a prodigious lack of wit! Antics and impertinences of young men of fashion!* Really, my dear, you are choice in your phrases! You could not love your brother *for any recital of the delight which foreign ladies took in him, and which he took in foreign ladies!* But you could be in ecstasies for a brother of your own invention.

Do not suppose I am angry! No, no, my dear girl; I am got far above all that! Though I cannot but laugh at this extraordinary brother, which you are fashioning for yourself. If, when I come into your sublime presence, I should by good luck happen to strike your fancy, why so! My fortune will

then be made! If not, sister, we must do as well as we can. All in good time, and a God's name. Is not that tolerable Worcester-shire morality?

I am obliged to lay down my pen with laughing at the idea of Miss Louisa's brother, supposing him to be exactly of her modelling. I think I see him appear before her; she seated in state, on a chair raised on four tressels and two old doors, like a strolling actress mimicking a queen in a barn! He dressed in black; his hair smugly curled; his face and his shoes shining; his white handkerchief in his right hand; a prayer book, or the morals of Epictetus in his left; *not interlarding his discourse with French or Italian phrases*, but ready with a good rumbling mouthful of old Greek, which

which he had composed, I mean compiled, for the purpose! Then, having advanced one leg, wiped his mouth, put his left hand in his breeches pocket, clenched his right, and raised his arm, he begins his learned dissertation on *well digested principles, ardent desire of truth, incessant struggles to shake off prejudices*, and forth are chanted, in nasal twang and tragic recitative, his *emanations of soul, bursts of thought, and flashes of genius!*

But *you would not be satirical.* Gentle, modest maiden! And surely it becomes the tutored brother to imitate this kind forbearance. *My faculties were always lively?* And *I must pardon you if you expect too much?*—Upon my soul, this is highly comic! Expect too much!

And there is danger then that I should not equal your expectations?—Prithee, my good girl, jingle the keys of your harpsichord, and be quiet. Pore over your fine folio receipt book, and appease your thirst after knowledge. Satisfy your longing desire to do good, by making jellies, conserves, and caraway cakes. Pot pippins, brew raspberry wine, and candy orange chips. Study burns, bruises, and balsams. Distil surfeit, colic, and wormwood water. Concoct hiera picra, rhubarb beer, and oil of charity; and sympathize over sprains, whitloes, and broken shins. Get a charm to cure the ague, and render yourself renowned. Spin, sew, and knit. Collect your lamentable rabble around you, dole out your charities, listen to a full

full chorus of blessings, and take your
 seat among the saints.

You see, child, I can give advice as
 well as yourself; aye and I will bestow
 it most plentifully, if you happen to feel
 any desire after more. I hate to be un-
 grateful; you shall have no opportunity
 to utter your musty maxim upon me—

“That the sin of ingratitude is worse
 than the sin of witchcraft.” You shall
 have weight for weight, measure for
 measure, chicken; aye, my market
 woman, and a lumping pennyworth.
 Brotherly for sisterly *effusions*!

As for the right of eldership, I recol-
 lect that a dozen years ago I envied you
 the prerogative; but now you are wel-
 come to it with all my heart. If, among
 your miraculous acquirements, you have
 any

any secret to make time stand still, by which you can teach me to remain at sweet five-and-twenty, and if you will disclose it to me, I will not only pardon all your *impertinences*, as you so *pertinently* call them, but do any other thing in reason to satisfy you; except turn philosopher and feed upon carrots! Nay I will allow you to grow as old as you please, you shall have full enjoyment of the rights of eldership.

In the mean time, sister, I once more thank you for bringing me acquainted with your friend. You seem to have “put powder in her drink;” and I freely tell you I wish she loved me half as well as she professes to love her immaculate Louisa. But these I suppose are the *flashes of genius*, which you have taught her.

her. However she is an angel, and in her every thing is graceful.

As for your other prodigy, I scarcely know what to make of him; except that he seems to have quite conceit enough of himself. Every other sentence is a contradiction of what the last speaker advanced. This is the first time he ever ventured to cross his father's threshold, and yet he talks as familiarly of kingdoms, governments, nations, manners, and other high sounding phrases, as if he had been secretary of state to king Minos, had ridden upon the white elephant, and studied under the Dalai Lama! He is the Great Mogul of politicians! And as for letters, science, and talents, he holds them all by patent right! He is such a monopolizer that

no

no man else can get a morsel. If he were not a plebeian, I could most sincerely wish you were married to him; for then, whenever my soul should hunger and thirst after morality, I should know where to come and get a full meal. Though perhaps his not being a gentleman would be no objection to you, at least your letter leads me to suspect as much.

Do not however mistake me. I mean this jocularly. For I will not degrade my sister so much, as to suppose she has ever cast a thought on the son either of the gardener or the steward, of any man. Though, tied to her mother's apron-string and shut up on the confines of Worcestershire, she may think proper to lecture and give rules of conduct to a brother

brother who has 'seen the world, and studied both men and books of every kind, that is but a harmless and pardonable piece of vanity. It ought to be laughed at, and for that reason I have laughed.

For the rest, I will be willing to think as well of my sister, as this sister can be to think of her catechised, and very patient, humble, younger brother,

C. CLIFTON.

P. S. I have written in answer to my mother by the same post. From the general tenor of her letter, I cannot but imagine that, just before she sat down to write, she had been listening to one
of

of your civil lectures, against wild brothers, fine gentlemen, and vile rakes. Is not that the cant? One thing let me whisper to you, sister: I am not obliged to any person who suspects or renders me suspected. I claim the privilege of being seen before I am condemned, and heard before I am executed. If I should not prove to be quite the phoenix which might vie with so miraculous so unique a sister, I must then be contented to take shame to myself. But till then I should suppose the thoughts of a sister might as well be inclined to paint me white as black. After all, I cannot conclude without repeating that I believe the whole world cannot equal the lovely, the divine Anna St. Ives: and, what-
ever

ever else you may say or think of me,
do not lead her to imagine I am unjust
to her supreme beauty, and charms.
An insinuation of that kind I would ne-
ver forgive—Never!

LET.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR ARTHUR ST. IVES

TO

ABIMELECH HENLEY.

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegande,
Faubourg St. Germain.*

YOU cannot imagine, honest Aby,
the surprise I am in. Is this their fa-
mous France? Is this the finest coun-
try in the whole world? Why, Aby,
from Boulogne to Paris, at least from
Montreuil, I am certain I did not see a
single

single hedge ! All one dead flat ; with an eternal row of trees, without beginning, middle, or end. I sincerely believe, Aby, I shall never love a straight row of trees again. And the wearisome right lined road, that you never lose sight of ; not for a moment, Aby ! No lucky turning. No intervening hill.

Oh that I were but the Grand Monarch ! What improvements would I make ! What a scope for invention, Aby ! A kingdom ! A revenue of four hundred millions of livres, and a standing army of three hundred thousand men ! All which, if the king were a wise man, it is very evident, Abimelech, he might employ in improvements ; and heaven knows there is a want of them. What are their petty corvées,

by

by which these straight roads have been patched up, and their everlasting elms planted? I would assemble all my vassals—[Your son Frank, Aby, has given me much information concerning the present governments of Europe, and the origin of manors, fiefs, and lordships. I can assure you he is a very deep young man; though I could wish he were not quite so peremptory and positive; and has informed me of some things which I never heard of before, though I am twice his age. But he seems to have them so fast at his finger's ends that I suppose they must be true. I had often heard of entails, and mortmain, and lands held in fee or fief, I don't know which, and all that you know, Abimelech. One's deeds and one's lawyers tell

one

one something, blindly, of these matters; but I never knew how it had all happened. He told me that—Fgad I forget what he told me. But I know he made it all out very clear. Still I must say he is cursed positive.]—However, Aby, as I was saying, I would assemble all my vassals, all my great lords and fief holders, and they should assemble their vassals, and all hands should be set to work : some to plan, others to plant ; some to grub, some to dig, some to hoe, and some to sow. The whole country should soon be a garden ! Tell me, Aby, is not the project a grand one * ? What a dispatch of work !

* The plan is in reality much grander than the good knight suspected ; if embraced at the will of a nation, instead of at the will of an individual.

What a change of nature! I am ravished with the thought!

As for any ideas of improvement to be picked up here, Abimelech, they must not be expected. I shall never forget the sameness of the scene! So unlike the riches of Wenbourne-Hill! Sir Alexander would have a country open enough here, at least. He would not complain of being shut in. The wind may blow from what point it pleases, and you have it on all sides. Except the road-side elms I mentioned, and now and then a coppice, which places they tell me are planted for the preservation of the game, I should have supposed there had not been a tree in the country; had I not been told that there were many large forests,

forests, to the right, and the left, out of sight. For my part I don't know where they have hidden them; and so must take their word for the fact. 'Tis true indeed that we travelled a part of the way in the dark.

I was mentioning the game, Aby. The game laws here are excellently put in execution. Hares are as plenty as rabbits in a warren, partridges as tame as our dove-house pigeons, and pheasants that seem as if they would come and feed out of your hand. For no scoundrel poacher dare molest them. If he did, I am not certain whether the lord of the manor could not hang him up instantly without judge or jury.

Though Frank tells me they have no juries here: which by the bye is odd;

enough ; and as he says I suppose it is a great shame. For, as he put the case to me, how should I like to have my estate seized on, by some insolent prince or duke ? For you know, I being a baronet in my own right, Aby, no one less in rank would dare infringe upon me. Well ! How should I like to have this duke, or this prince, seize upon my estate ; and, instead of having my right tried by a special jury of my peers, to have the cause decided by him who can get the prettiest woman to plead for him, and who will pay her and his judges the best ? For such Frank assures me is the mode here ! Now really all this is very bad ; very bad indeed, and as he says wants reforming.

But as for the game laws, as I was saying,

saying, Aby, they are excellently enforced; and your poor rascals here are kept in very proper subjection. They are held to the grindstone, as I may say. And so they ought to be, Aby. For, I have often heard you say, what is a man but what he is worth? Which in certain respects is very true. A gentleman of family and fortune, why he is a gentleman; and no insolent beggar ought to dare to look him in the face, without his permission. But you, Aby, had always a very great sense of propriety, in these respects. And you have found your advantage in it; as indeed you ought. It is a pity, considering what a learned young man you have made your son, that you did not teach him a little of your good sense in this particular.

He is too full of contradiction: too confident by half.

Let me have a long and full and whole account of what you are doing, Aby. Tell me precisely how forward your work is, and the exact spot where you are when each letter comes away. I know I need not caution you to keep those idle fellows, the day labourers, to it. I never knew any man who worked them better. And yet, Aby, it is surprising the sums that they have cost me; but you are a very careful honest fellow; and they have done wonders, under my planning and your inspection.

I do not wish that the moment I receive a letter it should be known to every lacquey; especially here; where
it

it seems to be one entire city of babblers. The people appear to have nothing to do but to talk. In the house, in the street, in the fields, breakfast, dinner, and supper, walking, sitting, or standing, they are never silent. Nay egad I doubt whether they do not talk in their sleep! So do you direct to me at the Café Conti—However I had better write the direction for you at full length, for fear of a mistake. And be sure you take care of your spelling, Aby, or I don't know what may happen. For I am told that many of these French people are devilish illiterate, and I am sure they are devilish cunning. Snap! They answer before they hear you! And, what is odd enough, their answers are sometimes as pat as if they knew

F 3

your

your meaning. Indeed I have often thought it strange that your low poor people should be so acute, and have so much common sense. But do you direct your letters thus—

*A Monsieur Monsieur le Chevalier de
St. Ives, Baronet Anglois, au Café
Conti, vis-à-vis le Pont Neuf, Quai
Conti, à Paris.*

And so, Abimelech, I remain

Yours, A. ST. IVES.

LET.

LETTER XXVII.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, rue Guenegaud,
Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

THE black forebodings of my mind, Oliver, are fulfilled! I have been struck! The phantom I dreaded has appeared, has flashed upon me, and all the evils of which I prophesied, and more than all, are collecting to overwhelm me; are rushing to my ruin!

F 4

This

— This brother of Louisa! Nothing surely was ever so unaccountable! The very same whom I prevented from fighting, in the *Champs Elysées*! Ay, he! This identical Clifton, for Clifton it was, has again appeared; has been here, is here, is never hence. His aspect was petrifying! He came upon me this second time in the strangest, the most insolent manner imaginable; just as I had sent away my last letter to thee; when I was sitting the guardian of a treasure, which my fond false reveries were at that moment flattering me might one day be mine! Starting at the sight of me! Nothing kind, nothing conciliating in his address; it was all imperious demand. Who was I? By what right did I deny admission to the
 young

young lady's woman, to inform her he was come to pay her his respects? He!—Having a letter from Sir Arthur, inviting him thither!—Were such orders to be countermanded by me? Again and again, who was I?—Oliver, he is a haughty youth; violent, headstrong, and arrogant! Believe me he will be found so.

What do I mean? Why do I dread him? How! The slave of fear? Why is my heart so inclined to think ill of him? Do I seek to depreciate? She has mentioned him several times; has expected, with a kind of eagerness, he would resemble her Louisa; has hoped he and I should be friends. “Did not “I hope the same?” Oliver, she has

tortured me! All benevolence as she is, she has put me on the rack!

I must not yield thus to passion: it is criminal. I have too much indulged the flattering dreams of desire. Yet what to do?—How to act?—Must I tamely quit the field the moment an adversary appears; turn recreant to myself, and coward-like give up my claims, without daring to say such and such they are? No. Justice is due as much to myself as to any other. If he be truly deserving of preference, why let him be preferred. I will rejoice.—Yes, Oliver, *will*.—He who is the slave of passion, is unworthy a place in the noble mind of Anna.

But this man is not my superior: I
feel,

feel, Oliver, he is not ; and it becomes me to assert my rights. Nay, his pride acts as a provocative——Oliver, I perceive how wrong this is ; but I will not blot out the line. Let it remain as a memento. He that would correct his failings must be willing to detect them.

The anxiety of my mind is excessive ; and the pain which a conviction of the weakness and error that this anxiety occasions renders it still more insupportable. I must take myself to task ; ay and severely. I must enquire into the wrong and the right, and reason must be absolute. Tell me thy thoughts, plainly and honestly ; be sure thou dost ; for I sometimes suspect thee of too much kindness, of partiality to thy friend. Chastise the derelictions of my heart,

whenever thou perceivest them; or I myself shall hereafter become thy accuser. I am dissatisfied, Oliver: what surer token can there be that I am wrong? I weary thee—Prithee forgive, but do not forget to aid me.

F. HENLEY.

P. S. He—[I mean Louisa's brother; for I think only of one he and one she, at present.] He has not yet taken any notice of our strange first meeting; and thou mayst imagine, Oliver, if he think fit to be silent, I shall not speak. Not that it can be supposed he holds duelling to be disgraceful. I have enquired if any rencounter had taken place; for I was very apprehensive that the champions would have their tilting-match

match another time. However, as I can hear of no such accident, and as Mr. Clifton is here continually, I hope I have been instrumental in preventing such absurd guilt. The follies of men are scarcely comprehensible! And what am I? Dare I think myself wise? Oliver, my passions are in arms; the contest is violent; I call on thee to examine and to aid the cause of truth.

LET.

TO ANNA ST. IVES:

LETTER XXVIII.

COKE CLIFTON

TO

GUY FAIRFAX.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

I HAVE found it, Fairfax! The
pearl of pearls! The inestimable jewel!
The unique! The world contains but
one!—And what?—A woman! The
woman of whom I told you!—Anna
St. Ives!—You have seen the Venus
de Medicis?—Pshaw!—Stone! Inani-
mate

mate marble ! But she !——The very sight of her is the height of luxury ! The pure blood is seen to circulate ! Transparent is the complexion which it illuminates !——And for symmetry, for motion, for grace, sculptor, painter, nor poet ever yet imagined such ! Desire languishes to behold her ! The passions all are in arms, and the mere enjoyment of her presence is superior to all that her sex beside can give !

Do not suppose me in my altitudes : all I can say, all you can imagine, are far short of the reality.

Then how unlike is her candour to the petty arts, the shallow cunning of her sex ! Her heart is as open as her countenance ; her thoughts flow, fearless, to her lips. Original ideas, expressed

pressed in words so select, phrases so happy, as to astonish and delight; a brilliancy and a strength of fancy that disdain limitation, and wit rapid and fatal as lightning to all opposition; these and a thousand other undescribable excellencies are hers.

I love her—Love?——I adore her! Ay—Be not surprised—Even to madness and marriage!—No matter for what I have beforetime said, or what I have thought, my mind is changed. I have discovered perfection which I did not imagine could exist. I renounce my former opinions; which applied to the sex in general were orthodox, but to her were blasphemy.

I would not be too sudden; I have not yet made any direct proposal. But
could

could I exist and forbear giving intimations? No. And how were they received? Why with all that unaffected frankness which did not pretend to misunderstand but to meet them, to cherish hope, and to give a prospect of bliss which mortal man can never merit.

She is all benevolence! Nay she is too much so. There is that youngster here; that upstart; he who bolted upon us and mouthed his Pindarics in the Elysian Fields; the surly groom of the chamber. This fellow has insinuated himself into her favour, and the benignity of her soul induces her to treat him with as much respect as if he were a gentleman.

The youth has some parts, some ideas: at least he has plenty of words. But his
arrogance

arrogance is insufferable. He does not scruple to interfere in the discourse, either with me, Sir Arthur, or the angelic Anna ! Nay sets up for a reformer ; and pretends to an insolent superiority of understanding and wisdom. Yet he was never so long from home before in his life ; has seen nothing, but has read a few books, and has been permitted to converse with this all intelligent deity.

I cannot deny but that the pedagogue sometimes surprises me, with the novelty of his opinions ; but they are extravagant. I have condescended, oftener than became me, to shew how full of hyperbole and paradox they were. Still he as constantly maintained them, with a kind of congruity that astonished me, and even rendered many of them plausible.

But,

But, exclusive of his obstinacy, the rude, pot companion loquacity of the fellow is highly offensive. He has no sense of inferiority. He stands as erect, and speaks with as little embarrassment and as loudly as the best of us: nay boldly asserts that neither riches, rank, nor birth have any claim. I have offered to buy him a beard, if he would but turn heathen philosopher. I have several times indeed bestowed no small portion of ridicule upon him; but in vain. His retorts are always ready; and his intrepidity, in this kind of impertinence, is unexampled.

From some anecdotes which are told of him, I find he does not want personal courage; but he has no claim to chastisement from a gentleman. Petty in-

sults:

sults he disregards; and has several times put me almost beyond the power of forbearance, by his cool and cutting replies. His oratory is always ready; cut, dry, and fit for use; and damned insolent oratory it frequently is.

The absurdity of his tenets can only be equalled by the effrontery with which they are maintained. Among the most ridiculous of what he calls first principles is that of the equality of mankind. He is one of your levellers! Marry! His superior! Who is he? On what proud eminence can he be found? On some Welsh mountain, or the pike of Teneriffe? Certainly not in any of the nether regions! What! Was not he the ass that brayed to Balaam? And is he not now, Mufti to the mules? He will

will if he please ! And if he please he will let it alone ! Dispute his prerogative who dare ! He derives from Adam ; what time the world was all nail fellow well met ! The savage, the wild man o' the woods is his true liberty boy ; and the orang outang his first cousin. A Lord is a merry andrew, a Duke a jack pudding, and a King a tom fool : his name is man !

Then, as to property, 'tis a tragic farce ; 'tis his sovereign pleasure to eat nectarines, grow them who will. Another Alexander, he ; the world is all his own ! Ay, and he will govern it as he best knows how ! He will legislate, dictate, dogmatize ; for who so infallible ? What ! Cannot Goliath crack a walnut ?

As for arguments, it is but ask and have :

have: a peck at a bidding, and a good double handful over. I own I thought I knew something; but no, I must to my horn book. Then, for a simile, it is sacrilege; and must be kicked out of the high court of logic! Sarcasm too is an ignoramus, and cannot solve a problem: Wit a pert puppy, who can only flash and bounce. The heavy walls of wisdom are not to be battered down by such popguns and pellets. He will waste you wind enough to set up twenty millers, in proving an apple is not an egg-shell; and that *bomo* is Greek for a goose. Dun Scotus was a school boy to him. I confess, he has more than once dumb-founded me by his subtleties.—Pshaw!——It is a mortal murder of words and time to bestow them on him.

My

My sister is in correspondence with my new divinity. I thought proper to bestow a few gentle lashes on her, for a letter which she wrote to me, and which I mentioned in my first from Paris, insinuating her own superiority, and giving me to understand how fortunate it would be for the world should I but prove as consummate a paragon as herself. She richly deserved it, and yet I now wish I had forbore; for, if she have her sex's love of vengeance in her, she may injure me in the tenderest part. Never was woman so devoted to woman as Anna St. Ives is to Louisa. I should suspect any other of her sex of extravagant affectation; but her it is impossible to suspect: her manner is so peculiarly her own: and it comes with such unfought

sought for energy, that there is no resisting conviction.

I have two or three times been inclined to write and ask Louisa's pardon. But, no; that pride forbids. She dare not openly profess herself my enemy. She may insinuate, and countermine; but I have a tolerably strong dependance on my own power over Anna. She is not blind. She is the first to feel and to acknowledge superior merit; and I think I have no reason to fear repulse from any woman, whose hand I can bring myself to ask.

One of Anna's greatest perfections, with me, is the ready esteem which she entertained for me, and her not being insensible to those qualities which I flat-

ter

ter myself I possess. Never yet did woman treat me with affected disdain, who did not at last repent of her coquetry.

'Tis true that Anna has sometimes piqued me, by appearing to value me more for my sister's sake even than for my own. I have been ready to say dissimulation was inseparable from woman. And yet her manner is as unlike hypocrisy as possible. I never yet could brook scorn, or neglect. I know no sensation more delicious than that of inflicting punishment for insult or for injury; 'tis in our nature.

That youngster of whom I have prated so much, his name is Frank Henley, denies this, and says that what the world calls nature is habit. He added, with some degree of sarcasm as

I thought, that it was as natural, or in his sense as habitual, for some men to pardon, and to seek the good even of those by whom they were wronged, as it was for others to resent and endeavour to revenge. But, as I have said, he continually makes pretensions to an offensive superiority. You may think I do not fail to humble the youth, whenever opportunity offers. But no ! Humble him, indeed ! Shew him boiling ice ! Stew a whale in an oyster-shell ! Make mount Caucasus into a bag pudding ! But do not imagine he may be moved ! The legitimate son of Carø's eldest bastard, he ! A petrified Possidonius, in high preservation !

There is another thing which astonishes me more than all I have mentioned.

tioned. Curse me, Fairfax, if I do not believe that [God confound the fellow !] he has the impudence to be in love with Anna St. Ives ! Nay that he braves me, defies me, and, in the insufferable frothy fermentation of his vanity, persuades himself that he looks down upon me !

I must finish, for I cannot think of his intolerable insolence with common patience ; and I know not what right I have to tease you, concerning my paltry disputes with a plebeian pedant, and my still more paltry jealousies. But let him beware ! If he really have the arrogance to place himself in my way, I will presently trample him into his original non-entity. I only forbear because he has had the cunning to make himself so great a favourite.

This must be horribly stupid stuff to you, Fairfax: therefore pay me in my own coin; be as dull as you sometimes know how, and bid me complain if I dare.

C. CLIFTON.

LET.

LETTER XXIX.

LOUISA CLIFTON

TO

COKE CLIFTON.

Rose-Bank.

I WRITE, dear brother, in answer to your last, that I may not by any neglect of mine contribute to the mistake in which you are at present. Your letter shews that you suppose your sister to be vain, presumptuous, and rude; and, such being your feelings, I am far

G 3

from

from blaming you for having expressed them.

Still, brother, I must be sincere, and I would by no means have it understood that I think you have chosen the best manner of expressing them; for it is not the manner which, if I have such faults, would be most likely to produce reformation. But your intention has been to humble me; and, desiring to be sarcastic, you have not failed in producing your intended effect. I am sincerely glad of it: had you shewn that desire without the power, I should have been as sincerely sorry. But where there is mind there is the material from which every thing is to be hoped.

I suppose I shall again incur chastisement, for rising thus as you call it to the
sublime.

sublime. But I will write my thoughts without fear, and I hope will patiently listen should they deserve reproach. If I have sinned, it is in most fervently wishing to find my brother one of the brightest and the best of men; and I have received more pleasure from the powers he has displayed, in reproving me, than I could have done by any dull expression of kindness; in which, though there might have been words, there would neither have been feeling, sentiment, nor soul.

The concluding sentence of your letter warns me not to defame you with my friend. I must speak without disguise, brother. You feel that, had you received such a letter, revenge would have been the first emotion of your

mind. I hope its duration would have been short. I will most readily and warmly repeat all the good of my brother that I know: but I will neither conceal what ought to be said, nor say what I do not know. I take it for granted that he would not have me guilty of duplicity.

Adieu, dear brother; and believe me to be most affectionately your

L. CLIFTON.

LET.

LETTER XXX.

FRANK HENLEY**TO****OLIVER TRENCHARD.**

*Paris, Hotel d'Espagne, Rue Guenegaude,
Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

HOW severe, Oliver, are the lessons of truth! But to learn them from her lips, and to be excited to the practice of them by her example, are blessings which to enjoy and not to profit by would shew a degenerate heart.

G 5

I have

I have just risen from a conversation which has made a deep impression on my mind. It was during breakfast. I know not whether reflecting on it will appease, or increase, the sensations which the behaviour of this brother of Louisa hourly exacerbates. But I will calm that irritability which would dwell on him, and nothing else, that I may repeat what has just happened.

The interesting part of what passed began by Mr. Clifton's affirming, with Pope, that men had and would have, to the end of time, each a ruling passion. This I denied, if by ruling passion were meant the indulgence of any irregular appetite, or the fostering of any erroneous system. I was asked, with a sneer, for my recipe to subdue the passions; if
it

it were not too long to be remembered.

I replied it was equally brief and efficacious. It was the force of reason ; or, if the word should please better, of truth.

And in what year of the world was the discovery of truth to be made ?

In that very year when, instead of being persecuted for speaking their thoughts, the free discussion of every opinion, true or false, should not only be permitted, but receive encouragement and applause.

As usual, the appeal was made to Anna : and, as usual, her decision was in my favour. Nothing, said she, is more fatal, to the progress of virtue, than the supposition that error is invincible. Had I persuaded myself I never could have learned French, Italian, or

music, why learn them I never could. For how can that be finished which is never begun? But, though all the world were to laugh at me, I should laugh at all the world, were it to tell me it is more difficult to prevent the beginning, growth, and excess of any passion, than it is to learn to play excellently on the piano forte.

Is that really your opinion, madam?
said Clifton.

It is.

Do you include all the passions?

All.

What! The passion of love?

Yes. Love is as certainly to be conquered as any of them; and there is no mistake which has done more mischief than that of supposing it irresistible. Young people, and we poor girls in particular,

ticular, having once been thoroughly persuaded of the truth of such an axiom, think it in vain to struggle, where there are no hopes of victory. We are conquered not because we are weak, but because we are cowards. We seem to be convinced that we have fallen in love by enchantment, and are under the absolute dominion of a necromancer. It is truly the dwarf leading the giant captive. Is it not—[Oliver! She fixed her eyes upon me, as she spoke!]
—Is it not, Frank?

I was confounded. I paused for a moment. A deep and heavy sigh involuntarily burst from me. I endeavoured to be firm, but I stammered out—Madam—it is.

I am convinced he is jealous of me.

Nay

Nay he fears me ; though he scorns me too much to think so meanly of himself. Yet he fears me. And what is worse, Oliver, I fear him ! I blush for my own debility. But let me not endeavour to conceal my weakness. No : it must be encountered, and cured. His quick and audacious eye was searching me, while I struggled to think, and rid myself of confusion ; and he discovered more than gave him pleasure.—She continued.

I know of no prejudice more pernicious to the moral conduct of youth than that of this unconquerable passion of love. Any and all of our passions are unconquerable, whenever we shall be weak enough to think them so. Does not the gamester plead the unconquerableness

ableness of his passion? The drunkard, the man of anger, the revengeful, the envious, the covetous, the jealous, have they not all the same plea? With the selfish and the feeble passion succeeds to passion as different habits give birth to each, and the last passion proves more unconquerable than its predecessor. How frequently do we see people in the very fever of this unconquerable passion of love, which disappears for the rest of their lives, after a few weeks possession of the object whom they had so passionately loved! How often do they as passionately hate; while the violence of their hatred and of their love is perhaps equally guilty!

Sir Arthur I observed was happy to join in this new doctrine, which how-

ever

ever is true, Oliver. I am not certain that he too had not his apprehensions, concerning me : at least his approbation of the principle was ardent.

This was not all. After a short silence, she added, and again fixed her eyes on me—Next to the task of subduing our own passions, I know none more noble than that of aiding to subdue the passions of others. To restore a languishing body is held to be a precious art : but to give health to the mind, to restore declining genius to its true rank, is an art infinitely more inestimable.

She rose, and I withdrew ; her words vibrating in my ear, where they vibrate still. Perceivest thou not their import ?——Oliver, she has formed a project fatal to my hopes ! Nay, I could almost

almost fear, fatal to herself! Yet what, who can harm her? Does the savage, the monster exist, that could look upon her and do her injury? No! She is safe! She is immaculate! Beaming in beauty, supreme in virtue, the resplendent ægis of truth shields her from at-
taint!

Yes, Oliver, her answers were to him; but the intent, the soul of them was directed to me. It was a warning spirit, that cried, beware of indulging an unjustifiable passion! Awake, at the call of virtue, and obey! Behold here a sickly mind, and aid me in its recovery!—To me her language was pointed, clear, and incapable of other interpretation.

But is there not peril in her plan? Recover a mind so perverted? Strong,
I own,

I own, nay uncommon in its powers; for such the mind of Clifton is: but its strength is its disease.

And is it so certain that for me to love her is error, is weakness, is vice? No. Or, if it be, I have not yet discovered why. Oliver, she shall hear me! Let her shew me my mistake, if mistaken I be, and I will desist: but justice demands it, and she shall hear me.

We are going to remove, at his repeated instances, to the hotel where he resides. He leads Sir Arthur as he pleases; but it grieved me to see her yield so readily. Now that I have discovered her intentions, I no longer wonder. Omnipotent as the power of truth and virtue is, I yet cannot approve the design. The enterprises of virtue
itself

itself may have their romance—I know
not—This to me at least is fatal—
Could I—? I must conclude!—Lose
her?—For ever!—For ever!—I must
conclude—

F. HENLEY.

LET.

LETTER XXXI.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES**TO****LOUISA CLIFTON.**

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

THE assiduity of Clifton, my dear Louisa, is so great that we already seem to be acquaintance of seven years standing. This is evidently his intention. His temper is eager, impatient of delay, quick in resolving, and, if I do not mistake, sometimes precipitate. But his intellectual powers are of a very high order. His wit is keen, his invention strong,

strong, his language flowing and elegant, and his ideas and figures remarkable, sometimes for their humour, and at others for their splendour. His prejudices are many of them deep; nor are they few; but he speaks them frankly, defends them boldly, and courts rather than shuns discussion. What then may not be hoped from a mind like his? Ought such a mind to be neglected? No!—No!—Eternally no!—I have already given a strong hint of this to Frank.

I am persuaded that, since you saw him, he is greatly improved in person. The regularity of his features, his florid complexion, tall stature, and the facility and grace of all his motions, are with him no common advantages.

He has attached himself exceedingly
to

to us, and has induced Sir Arthur to take apartments in the *Hotel de l'Université*, where he resides himself, and where the accommodations are much better, the situation more agreeable, and the rooms more spacious.

A little incident happened, when we removed, which was characteristic of the manners of the people, and drew forth a pleasing trait of the acuteness of Clifton, and of his turn of thinking.

One of the men who helped us with our luggage, after being paid according to agreement, asked, as is very customary with these people, for *quelque chose à boire*; which Sir Arthur, not being very expert in the French idiom, understood literally. He accordingly ordered a bottle of the light common wine, and
being

being thirsty poured some into a tumbler and drank himself first, then poured out some more, and offered the porter.

The man took the glass as Sir Arthur held it out to him; and, with some surprise and evident sense of insult in his countenance, said to Sir Arthur—*à moi, monsieur?* To which Sir Arthur, perfectly at a loss to comprehend his meaning, made no answer; and the man, without tasting the liquor, set the glass down on a bench in the yard.

Clifton, well acquainted with the manners of the people, and knowing the man imagined Sir Arthur meant to insult him, by giving him the same glass out of which he had drunken, with great alacrity took it up the moment the man had set it down, and said—*Non, mon ami,*

ami, c'est à moi—and drank off the wine. He then called for another tumbler, and filling it gave it to the man.

The French are a people of active and lively feelings; and the poor fellow, after receiving the glass from Clifton, took up the other empty tumbler, poured the wine back into it, said in his own language forgive me, sir; I see I am in the wrong; and immediately drank out of the tumbler which he had before refused.

Each country you perceive, Louisa, has its own ideas of delicacy. The French think it very strange to see two people drink out of the same vessel. Not however that I suppose every porter in Paris would refuse wine, if offered, for the same reason. Neither would they
all

all with the same sensibility be so ready to retract.

The good humour as well as the good sense of Clifton's reproof pleased me highly; and we must all acknowledge him our superior, in the art of easily conforming to the customs of foreigners, and in readily pardoning even their absurdities. For foreigners, Louisa, have their absurdities, as well as ourselves.

But I have not yet done. I have another anecdote to relate of Clifton, from which I augur still more.

I had observed our Thomas in conversation with a man, who from his dress and talking to Thomas I knew must be an Englishman; and the care which it becomes me to take, that such well-meaning but simple people should not

be deceived, led me to inquire who he was. Thomas began to stammer; not with guilt, but with a desire of telling a story which he knew not how to tell so well as he wished. At last we understood from him it was a young English lad, who had neither money, meat, nor work, and who was in danger of starving, because he could find no means of returning to his own country. Poor Thomas finding himself among a kind of heathens, as he calls the French, pitied his case very sincerely, and had supplied him with food for some days, promising that he would soon take an opportunity of speaking to me, whom he is pleased to call the best young lady in the world; and I assure you, Louisa, I am proud of his good word.

Your brother heard this account, and immediately said——[For indeed I wished to know what his feelings were, and therefore did not offer to interrupt him.]

“Desire him to come up. Let me question him. If he be really what he says, he ought to be relieved : but he is very likely some idle fellow, who being English makes a trade of watching for English families, and living upon this tale.” So far said I to myself, Clifton, all is right. I therefore let him proceed. The lad came up, for he was not twenty, and your brother began his interrogations.

You are an English lad, you say ?

Yes, sir.

Where do you come from ?

Wolverhampton.

H 2

What

What is your trade?

A buckle plater.

And did you serve out your apprenticeship?

No.

How so?

My master and I quarrelled, he struck me, I beat him, and was obliged to run away.

Where did you run to?

I went to London. I have an aunt there, a poor woman, who chairs for gentlefolks, and I went to her.

How came you here?

She got me a place, with a young gentleman who was going on his travels. I had been among horses before I was bound 'prentice, and he hired me as his groom.

But

But how came you to leave him?

He is a very passionate gentleman.

He has got a French footman, who stands and shrugs, and lets him give him thumps, and kicks; and one morning, because one boot was brighter than t'other, he was going to horsewhip me. So I told him to keep his hands off, or I would knock him down.

Why you are quite a fighting fellow.

No, sir; I never fought with any body in my life, if they did not first meddle with me.

So you quarrelled with your master, beat him, ran away from your apprenticeship, got a place, came into a foreign country, and then, because your master did not happen to please you, threatened to knock him down!

The poor fellow was quite confounded, and I was half out of breath from an apprehension that Clifton had taken the wrong side of the question. But I was soon relieved——This tale is too artless to be false, said he, turning to me.——You cannot conceive, Louisa, the infinite pleasure which these few words gave me——I still continued silent, and watching, not the lad, but your brother.

So you never meddle with any body who does not meddle with you?

No, sir. I would scorn it.

But you will not be horsewhipped?

No, sir, I won't; starve or not starve.

I need not ask you if you are honest, sober, and industrious; for I know you will say you are.

Why

Why should I not, fir?

You have nobody to give you a character, have you?

My master is still in Paris; but to be sure he will give me a bad one.

Can you tell me his address—where he lives?

I can't tell it in French, but here it is.

Can you write and read?

Yes, fir.

And how long have you been out of place?

Above seven weeks.

Why did not you return to England, when you received your wages?

I had no money. I owed a fellow servant a guinea and a half, which I had borrowed to buy shirts and stockings.

And those you have made away with?

H 4

Not

Not all. I was obliged to take some of them to Mount Pity.

Mont Piété, you mean *.

Belike yes, fir.

Well, here's something for you, for the present ; and come to me to-morrow morning.

The lad went away, with more in his countenance than he knew how to put into speech ; and I asked Clifton what he meant by desiring him to come again. I intend, madam, said he, to make some inquiries of his master ; and if they please me to hire him ; for I want a servant, and if I am not deceived he will make a good one.

* The general receptacle for pledges. Among other monopolies and trades, government in France used to be the common pawnbroker.

Think,

Think, Louisa, whether I were not pleased with this proof of discernment. By this accident, I learned more of Clifton's character in ten minutes than perhaps I might have done in ten months. He saw, for I wished him to see, that he had acted exactly as I could have desired.

He appears indeed to be a favourite with servants, which certainly is no bad omen. He is Laura's delight. He is a free gentleman, a generous gentleman, [I suppose he gives her money] a merry gentleman, and has the handsomest person, the finest eye, and the best manner of dressing his hair she ever beheld!—She quite overflows in his praise.

In a few days we are to go to the

H 5 country

country seat of the Marquis of Villebrun, where we intend to stay about a fortnight. Your brother has introduced us to all his friends, among whom is the marquis; and, as we are intimate with our ambassador, we have more invitations than we can accept, and acquaintance than we can cultivate. Frank is to go with us.

And now, Louisa, with anxiety I own, my mind is far from satisfied. I have not thought sufficiently to convince myself, yet act as though I had. It is little less than open war between your brother and Frank. The supposition of a duty, too serious to be trifled with, has induced me to favour rather than repulse the too eager advances of Clifton ;

ton ; though this supposed duty has been but half examined.

The desire to retrieve mind cannot but be right ; yet the mode may be wrong.

At this moment my heart bitterly reproaches me, for not proceeding on more certain principles. The merit of Frank is great, almost beyond the power of expression. I need not tell my Louisa which way affection, were it encouraged, would incline : but I will not be its slave. Nor can I reproach myself for erring on that side ; but for acting, in resistance to inclination, with too little reserve. No arguments I believe can shew me that I have a right to sport with the feelings of my father, and my friends ; though those feelings are found-

ed in prejudice. But my inquiries shall be more minute; and my resolves will then be more permanent and self-complacent.

Adieu, my best and dearest friend. Write often : reprove me for all that I do amiss——Would my mind were more accordant with itself ! But I will take it roundly to task.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

COKE CLIFTON**TO****GUY FAIRFAX.**

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

THIS brief memorandum of my actual existence, dear Fairfax, will be delivered to you by the Chevalier de Vileroi ; a worthy gentleman, to whom I have given letters to my friends, and who will meet you at Turin.

I have not a moment to waste ; therefore can only say that I am laying close
siege ;

siege; that my lines of circumvallation do not proceed quite so rapidly as my desires; but that I have just blown up the main bastion; or, in other words, have prevailed on Sir Arthur to send this hornet, this Frank Henley, back to England. The fellow's aspiring insolence is not to be endured. His merit is said to be uncommon. 'Tis certain he strains after the sublime; and in fact is too deep a thinker, nay I suspect too deep a plotter, not to be dangerous. Adieu.

C. CLIFTON.

I am in a rage! Curse the fellow!
He has countermined me; blown up
my

my works ! I might easily have foreseen it, had I not been a stupid booby. I could beat my thick scull against the wall ! I have neither time nor patience to tell you what I mean ; except that here he is, and here he will remain, in my despite.

LET-

160 ANNA ST. IVES:

LETTER XXXIII.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

IT is as I told thee, Oliver. He fears me. He treats me, as he thinks, with the neglect and contempt due to an unqualified intruder: but he mistakes his own motives, and acts with insidious jealousy; nay descends to artifice. His alarmed spirit never rests; he is ever on the watch, lest at entering a room, descending a staircase, stepping into her

her carriage, or on any other occasion, I should touch her hand. He has endeavoured to exclude me from all their parties; and, though often successfully, has several times been foiled.

But his greatest disappointment was this very morning. Sir Arthur sent for me, last night, to inform me I must return to Wenbourne-Hill, with some necessary orders, which he did not choose to trust to the usual mode of conveyance. I immediately suspected, and I think I did not do him injustice, that my rival was the contriver of this sudden necessity of my return.

I received Sir Arthur's orders, but was determined immediately to acquaint Anna.

Clifton was present. She was surprised;

prised; and, I doubt not, had the same suspicions as myself; for, after telling me I must not think of going, she obliged Clifton himself to be the intercessor, with Sir Arthur, that I should stay. His reluctance, feigned assent, and chagrin were visible.

Her words and manner to me were kind; nay I could almost think they were somewhat more. She seemed to feel the injustice aimed at me; and to feel it with as much resentment as a spirit so benignant could know.

What!—Can he not be satisfied with half excluding me from her society; with endeavouring to sink me as low in her estimation as in his own; and with exercising all that arrogance which he supposes becoming the character of a gentleman?

Oliver,

Oliver, I am determined in my plan : my appeal shall be to her justice. If it prove to be ill-founded, why then I must acquiesce. I am angry at my own delay, at my own want of courage ; but I shall find a time, and that quickly. At least, if condemned I must be, I will be heard ; but equity I think is on my side—Yes—I will be heard.

F. HENLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

FRANK HENLEY

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

AID me if thou canst, Oliver, to think, or rather to unravel my own entangled thoughts. Do not suffer me to continue in a state of delusion, if thou perceivest it to be such. Be explicit; tell me if thou dost but so much as forebode: for at moments I myself despond; though at others I am wafted to the hea-

ven

ven of heavens, to certainty, and bliss unutterable. If I deceive myself?—Well!—And if I do, what is to follow?—Rashness?—Cowardice?—What! Basely abandon duty, virtue, and energy?—No!

Looks, words, appearances, daily events are all so contradictory, that the warfare of hope and fear increases, and becomes violent, almost to distraction! Clifton is openly countenanced by Sir Arthur, treated kindly by her, and is incessant in every kind of assiduity. His qualities are neither mean, insignificant, nor common. No: they are brilliant, and rare. With a person as near perfection as his mind will permit it to be, a knowledge of languages, a taste for the fine arts, much bravery, high notions of

6 honour,

honour, a more than common share of wit, keen and ungovernable feelings, an impatience of contradiction, and an obstinacy in error, he is a compound of jarring elements, that augur tempests and peril. Vain, haughty, and self-willed, his family, his fortune, his accomplishments and himself are the pictures that fascinate his eye. It is attracted, for a moment, by the superior powers of another; but all his passions and propensities forebode that he is not to be held, even by that link of adamant.

And is she to be dazzled then by this glare? Can her attention be caught by person, attracted by wit? And does she not shrink from that haughty pride which so continually turns to contemplation

plate itself; from those passions which are so eager to be gratified; and from those mistakes which it will be so almost impossible to eradicate? Even were I to lose her, must I see her thus devoted?—The thought is—I cannot tell what! Too painful for any word short of extravagance.

Impressed by feelings like these, the other day I sat down and threw a few ideas into verse. The mind, surcharged with passion, is eager by every means to disburthen itself. It is always prompt to hope that the expression of it's feelings, if any way adequate, cannot but produce the effect it wishes; and I wrote the following song, or love-elegy, or what thou wilt.

Rash

Rash hope avaunt ! Be still my flutt'ring heart ;
Nor breathe a sorrow, nor a sigh impart ;
Appease each bursting throb, each pang reprove ;
To suffer dare—But do not dare to love !

Down, down, these swelling thoughts ! Nor dream
that worth

Can pass the haughty bounds of wealth and birth ;
Yes, kindred feelings, truth, and virtue prove :
Yes, dare deserve—But do not dare to love !

To noble tasks and dang'rous heights aspire ;
Bid all the great and good thy wishes fire,
The mighty dead thy rival efforts move,
And dare to die—But do not dare to love !

Thou knowest her supreme excellence
in music ; the taste, feeling, and ex-
pression with which she plays ; and the
enchancing sweetness and energy with
which she sings. Having written my
verses, I took them, when she was busied
elsewhere,

elsewhere, to the piano-forte; and made some unsuccessful attempts to please myself with an air to them. Sir Arthur came in, and I left my stanzas on the desk of the instrument; very inadvertently I assure thee, though I was afterward far from sorry that they had been forgotten.

I have frequently indulged myself in sitting in an antichamber, to listen to her playing and singing. I have thought that she is most impassioned when alone, and perhaps all musicians are so. The next day, happening to listen in the manner I have mentioned, I heard her singing an air which was new to me, and remarked that she once or twice stopped, to consider and make alterations.

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I

I listened

I listened again and found she had been setting my verses!

By my soul, Oliver, I have no conception of rapture superior to what I experienced at that moment! She had collected all her feelings, all her invention, had composed a most beautiful air, and sung it with an effect that must have been heard to be supposed possible. The force with which she uttered every thought to the climax of daring, and the compassion which she infused into the conclusion—"But do not dare to love"—produced the most affecting contrast I ever heard.

This indeed was heaven, Oliver! But a heaven that ominously vanished, at the entrance

entrance of Clifton. I followed him, and saw her shut the book, and wipe the tear from her eye. Her flow of spirits is unfailing, but the tone of her mind was raised too high suddenly to sink into trifling. She looked at me two or three times. I know not for my part what aspect I wore; but I could observe that the haughty Clifton felt the gaiety of his heart in some sort disturbed, and was not pleased to catch me listening, with such mute attention, to the ravishing music she had made.

Once again prithee tell me, Oliver, what am I to think? It was impossible she should have sung as she did, had not the ideas affected her more than I could have hoped, nay as much as they did myself. She knew the writing. Why

did she sigh? Why feel indignant? Why express every sentiment that had passed through my mind with increasing force?—What could she think?—Did she not approve?—She sung as if she admired!—The world shall not persuade me that her looks were not the true expressions of her heart; and she looked—! Recollect her, and the temper of mind she was in, and imagine how!—Remember—*She could love me if I would let her!*

I was displeased with the verses when I had written them: they were very inadequate to what I wished. I discovered in some of the lines a barren repetition of the preceding thought, and meant to have corrected them. But I would not now alter a word for worlds! She has
deigned

deigned to set and sing them ; and what was before but of little worth is now inestimable.

Yet am I far from satisfied with myself. My present state of mind is disgraceful ; for it cannot but be disgraceful to be kept in doubt by my own cowardice. And if I am deceiving myself—Can it be possible, Oliver ?—But if I am, my present error is indeed alarming. The difficulty of retreating momentarily increases, and every step in advance will be miles in return.

Clifton will suffer no impediment from the cowardice of which I complain ; for I much mistake if he has been accustomed to refusal ; or if he can scarcely think, when he deigns to sue, denial possible.

I find myself every day determining to put an end to this suspense, and every day delaying. The impulse however is too great to be long resisted; and my excuse to myself continually is that I have not yet found the proper moment.

If, Oliver, this history of my heart be troublesome to thee, it is thy duty to tell me so. But indeed thou tellest me the contrary; and I know not why at this instant I should do thee the injustice to doubt thy sincerity. Forgive me. It is a friendly fear, and not intended to do thee wrong. But I wish thee to judge of me and my actions; and even to let thy father judge, if thou shouldest at any time hesitate, and fear I am committing error. Do this, and continue
thy

thy usual kindness in communicating thy thoughts.

F. HENLEY.

P. S. The day after tomorrow, we are to set off for the Chateau de Villebrun; on a party of pleasure, as it is called. Thus men run from place to place, without knowing of what they are in search. They feel vacuity; a want of something to make them happy; but what that something is they have not yet discovered.

LETTER XXXV.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES**TO****LOUISA CLIFTON.**

Paris, Hotel de l'Université.

I FEAR, my dear Louisa, I am at present hurried forward a little too fast to act with all the caution which I could wish. My mind is not coherent, not at peace with itself. Ideas rush in multitudes, and more than half obscure my understanding.

I find that, since we left Wenbourne-Hill,

Hill, Frank has grown upon my thoughts very strangely. Indeed till then I was but partially acquainted with his true character, the energy of which is very uncommon. But, though his virtues are become more conspicuous, the impediments that forbid any thought of union are not lessened.

My chief difficulty is, I do not yet know how to give full effect to my arguments, so as to produce such conviction as he shall be unable to resist. Let me do but this, and I have no doubt of his perfect acquiescence, and resignation. But, should I fail, the warfare of the passions will be prolonged ; and, for a time, a youth whose worth is above my praise rendered unhappy. A sense of injustice, committed by the person of whom, per-

haps, he thought too highly to suppose it possible that either error or passion should render her so culpable, may prey upon his peace, and destroy the felicity of one to whom reason and recollection tell me I cannot wish too much good.

I am convinced I have been guilty of another mistake. I have on various occasions been desirous of expressing approbation, mingled with esteem and friendship. He has extorted it from me. He has obliged me to feel thus. And why, have I constantly asked myself, should I repress or conceal sensations that are the dues of merit? No: they ought not to have been repressed, or concealed, but they ought to have been rendered intelligible, incapable of misconstruction, and not liable to a meaning which

which they were never intended to convey. For, if ever they were more than I suppose, I have indeed been guilty.

Yes, my Louisa, let me discharge my conscience. Let no accusation of deceit rest with me. I can endure any thing but self-reproach. I avow, therefore, Frank Henley is, in my estimation, the most deserving man I have ever known. A man that I could love infinitely. A man whose virtues I do and must ever love. A man in whose company my heart assures me I could have enjoyed years of happiness. If the casuists in such cases should tell me this is what they mean by love, why then I am in love.

But if the being able, without a murmur, nay cheerfully, to marry another,

or see him properly married, if the possession of the power and the resolution to do what is right, and if an unshaken will to exert this power prove the contrary, why then I am not in love.

When I may, without trespassing on any duty, and with the full approbation of my own heart, yield up its entire affections, the man to whom they shall be devoted shall then find how much I can love.

My passions must be, ought to be, and therefore shall be, under my control; and, being conscious of the purity of my own intentions, I have never thought that the emanations of mind ought to be shackled by the dread of their being misinterpreted. It is not only cowardly, but in my opinion pernicious.

Yet,

Yet, with respect to Frank, I fear this principle has led me into an error. Among other escapes of this kind, there is one which has lately befallen me, and for which I doubt I am reprehensible.

Frank has written a song, in which his feelings and situation are very strongly expressed. He left it on my music desk, by accident; for his character is too open, too determined, to submit to artifice. The words pleased me, I may say affected me, so very much that I was tempted to endeavour to adapt an air to them; which, when it was written, I several times repeated, and accompanied myself on the piano-forte. Your brother came in just as I had ended; and, from a hint which he purposely gave, I
suspect

suspect that Frank had been listening in the antichamber.

The behaviour of Frank afterward confirmed the supposition. He followed your brother, and sat down while we conversed. His whole soul seemed absorbed; but not, as I have sometimes seen it, in melancholy. Satisfaction, pleasure, I know not whether rapture would be too strong a word for the expressions which were discoverable in his countenance.

My own mind had the moment before been impassioned; and the same sensations thrilling as it were through my veins might mislead me, and induce me to suppose things that had no existence. Still I do not think I was mistaken. And if not, what have I done? Have
I not

I not thoughtlessly betrayed him into a belief that I mean to favour a passion which I should think it criminal to encourage ?

I know not why I delay so long to explain my sentiments. It is the weak fear of not doing justice to my cause ; of not convincing, and of making him unhappy, for whom I would sacrifice my life, every thing but principle, to make him the very reverse.

However this must and shall soon be ended. I do not pretend to fix a day, but it shall not be a very distant one. I will arrange my thoughts, collect my whole force, and make an essay which I am convinced cannot fail, unless by my fault. The task is perhaps the most severe I have ever yet undertaken. I will
remember

remember this, and I hope my exertions will be adequate.

Adieu, my dear Louisa: and, when you come to this place, imagine me for a moment in your arms.

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

COKE CLIFTON**TO****GUY FAIRFAX.**

Chateau de Villebrun.

NEVER was fellow so pestered with malverse accidents as I am ; and all of my own contriving ! I am the prince of Numskulls ! The journey to the Chateau was a project of my own ; and whom should I meet here but the Count de Beaunoir ! The very same with whom

I was

I was prevented from fighting, by this insolent son of a steward ! They knew each other instantly ; and the whole story was told in the presence of Anna. My foolish pride would never before let me mention to her that a fellow, like him, could oblige me to put up the sword I had drawn in anger. Nor can I now tell why I did not run him through, the instant he dared to interfere !

I cut a cursed ridiculous figure ! But the youth is running up a long score, which I foresee he will shortly be obliged to discharge. Damn him ! I cannot think of him with common patience ! I know not why I ever mention his name !

I have raised another nest of wasps
about

about my ears. The French fops, here, all buzz and swarm around her; each making love to her, with all the shrugs, grimaces, and ready made raptures of which he is master; and to which I am obliged patiently to listen, or shew myself an ass. These fellows submit to every kind of monopoly, except of woman; and to pretend an exclusive right to her is, in their opinion, only worthy of a barbarian. But the most forward and tormenting of them all is my quondam friend, the Count; who is half a lunatic, but of so diverting a kind that, ere a man has time to be angry, he either cuts a caper, utters an absurdity, or acts some mad antic or other, that sets gravity at defiance.

Not that any man, who had the smallest

est pretensions to common sense, could be jealous, either of him or any one of these apes. And yet jealous I am! My dotage, Fairfax, is come very suddenly upon me; and neither you, nor any one of the spirited fellows, whose company I used to delight in, can despise me half so much as I despise myself—A plebeian!—A ——! I could drink gall, eat my elbows, renounce all my gods, and turn Turk!—Ay, laugh if you will; what care I?—

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I have taken a turn into the park, in search of a little cool air and common sense.

All the world is met here, on purpose to be merry; and merry they are determined

mined to be. The occasion is a marriage, in the true French style, between my very good friend, the Marquis de Villebrun, an old fellow upwards of sixty, and a young creature of fifteen; a child, a chit, just taken out of a convent; in which, but for this or some such preposterous match, she might have remained, till time should have bestowed wrinkles and ugliness as bountifully upon her as it has done upon her Narcissus, the bridegroom. The women flock busily round her, in their very good-natured way, purposely to form her. The men too are very willing to lend their aid; and, under such tuition, she cannot but improve apace. Why are not you here, Fairfax? I have had twenty temptations to take her under
my

my pupillage ; but that I dare not risk the loss of this divinity.

The purpose of our meeting however is, as I said, to be joyous. It is teeming time therefore with every brain, that has either wit, folly, or fancy enough to contribute to the general festivity. And various are their inventions, and stratagems, to excite surprise, attract visitors, and keep up the holiday farce of the scene. Musicians, painters, artists, jugglers, fages, all whose fame, no matter of what motley kind, has reached the public ear, and whom praise or pay can bring together, are assembled. Poets are invited to read their productions ; and as reading well is no mean art, and writing well still much more difficult, you may think what kind of an exhibi-

tion your every day poetasters make. Yet, like a modern play, they are certain of unbounded applause.

Last night we had a *Fête Champêtre*; which, it must be granted, was a most accurate picture of nature, and the manners of rustics! The simplicity of the shepherd life could not but be excellently represented, by the ribbands, jewels, gauze, tiffany, and fringe, with which we were bedaubed; and the ragouts, fricassees, spices, sauces, wines, and *liqueurs*, with which we were regaled! Not to mention being served upon plate, by an army of footmen! But then, it was in the open air; and that was prodigiously pastoral!

When we were sufficiently tired of eating and drinking, we all got up to
dance;

dance; and the mild splendour of the moon was utterly eclipsed, by the glittering dazzle of some hundreds of lamps; red, green, yellow, and blue; the rainbow burlesqued; all mingled, in fantastic wreaths and forms, and suspended among the foliage; that the trees might be as fine as ourselves! The invention, disposition, and effect, however, were highly applauded. And, since the evil was small and the mirth great, what could a man do, but shake his ears, kick his heels, cut capers, laugh, sing, shout, squall, and be as mad as the best?

To-morrow night we are to have fireworks; which will be no less rural. I was in a splenetic humour, and indulged myself in an exclamation against such
an

an abominable waste of gunpowder; for which I got reproved by my angelic monitress, who told me that, of all its uses and abuses, this was the most innocent.

I suppose our stay here will not be less than a fortnight. But I have left orders for all letters to be sent after me; so that your heroic epistles will come safe and soon to hand.

*Which is all at this present writing from
your very humble servant*

to command,

C. CLIFTON.

LETTER XXXVII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES**TO****LOUISA CLIFTON.**

Chateau de Villebrun.

IN compliance with the very warm entreaties of our kind French friends, we have been hurried away from the metropolis sooner than was intended. We are at present in the country, at the Chateau de Villebrun; where, if we are not merry, it is not for the want of laughing.

Our

Our feet and our tongues are never still. We dance, talk, sing, ride, sail, or rather paddle about in a small but romantic lake ; in short we are never out of exercise.

Clifton is as active as the best, and is very expert in all feats of agility. With the French he seems to dance for the honour of his nation ; and, with me, from a desire to prove that the man who makes pretensions to me, which he now does openly enough, is capable of every excellence.

You know, Louisa, how much I despise the affectation of reserve ; but he is so enterprising a youth that I am sometimes obliged, though very unwillingly, to exert a little mild authority.

The French, old or young, ugly or

K 2

handsome,

handsome, all are lovers; and are as liberal of their amorous sighs, and addresses, as if each were an Adonis. Clifton is well acquainted with foreign manners, or I can perceive their gallantry to me would make him half mad. As it is, he has been little less than rude, to one or two of the most forward of my pretended admirers.

I speak in the plural, as if we were rather in town than at a country seat; and so we appear to be. The French nobility do not seem to have any taste for solitude. Their love of variety induces them to change the scene; but the same tumult of guests and visitors, coming and going, is every where their delight. Whatever can attract company they seek with avidity. I am dear to them,
because

because I am an English beauty, as they tell me, and all the world is desirous of paying its court to me.

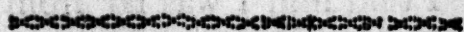
Clifton has equal or perhaps greater merits of the same kind. And I assure you, Louisa, the women here can pay their court more artfully and almost as openly as the men.

Frank is idolized by them, because he reads Shakespeare. You would wonder to hear the praises they bestow upon him, and which indeed he richly deserves, though not one in ten of them understands a word he says. *C'est beau! C'est magnifique! C'est superbe! C'est sublime!* Such is their continual round of good-natured superlatives, which they apply on all occasions, with a sincere desire to make others as happy as they en-

deavour to persuade themselves to be. Frank treats their gallantry with a kind of silent contempt, otherwise he would be a much greater favourite.

Perhaps you will be surprised to find me still guilty of procrastination, and to hear me describing French manners, instead of the mode in which I addressed a youth whom I have accused myself of having, in a certain sense, misled, and kept in suspense. I can only answer that my intentions have been frustrated; chiefly indeed by this country excursion, though in part by other accidents. My mind has not indulged itself in indolence; it could not; it is too deeply interested. But, the more I have thought, the more have I been confirmed in my former opinion. This is the hour of
trial:

trial : this is the time to prove I have some real claims to that superiority which I have been so ready to flatter myself I possess. Were there nothing to regret, nay were there not something to suffer, where would be the merit of victory ?—But, on the other hand, how much is there to gain !—A mind of the first order to be retrieved !—A Clifton !—A brother of Louisa !



This appears to be a serious crisis. Again I must repeat how much I am afraid of being hurried forward too fast. An error at this moment might be fatal. Clifton is so much alarmed by the particular respect which the Count de Beau-noir [A pleasant kind of madman, who

is a visitant here.] pays me, that he has this instant been with me, confessed a passion for me, in all the strong and perhaps extravagant language which custom has seemed to authorise, and has entreated, with a degree of warmth and earnestness that could scarcely be resisted, my permission to mention the matter immediately to Sir Arthur.

It became me to speak without disguise. I told him I was far from insensible of his merits; that a union with the brother of my Louisa, if propriety, duty, and affection should happen to combine, would be the first wish of my heart; that I should consider any affectation and coyness as criminal; but that I was not entirely free from doubt; and, before I could agree to the proposal being

ing made to Sir Arthur, I thought it necessary we should mutually compare our thoughts, and scrutinize as it were each other to the very soul; that we might not act rashly, in the most serious of all the private events of life.—You know my heart, Louisa; at least as well as I myself know it; and I am fearful of being precipitate.

He seemed rather disappointed, and was impatient to begin the conversation I wished for immediately.

I told him I was unprepared; my thoughts were not sufficiently collected; and that the hurry in which we at present exist would scarcely allow me time to perform so necessary a duty. But, that I might avoid the least suspicion of coquetry, if it were his desire, I would

shut myself up for a day from company, and examine whether there were any real impediments; that I would ask myself what my hopes and expectations were; and that I requested, or indeed expected that he should do the same. I added however that, if he pleased, it would be much more agreeable to me to defer this serious task, at least till we should return to Paris.

He repeated my words, if it would be much more agreeable to me, impatient and uneasy though he owned he was, he must submit.

I answered I required no submission, except to reason; to which I hoped both he and I should always be subject.

Love, he replied, was so disdainful of restraint that it would not acknowledge
the

the control of reason itself. However, by representing to him how particular our mutual absence from the company would seem, unless we could condescend to tell some falsehood, which I would not I said suppose possible to either of us, I prevailed on him to subscribe to this short delay.

His passions and feelings are strong. One minute he seemed affected by the approbation which, as far as I could with truth, I did not scruple to bestow on his many superior gifts; and the next to conceive some chagrin that I should for a moment hesitate. The noblest natures, Louisa, are the most subject to pride, can the least endure neglect, and are aptest to construe what-

ever is not directly affirmative in their favour into injustice.

With respect to the Count de Beau-noir, he has been more passionate, in expressing how much he admires me, than my reserve to him can have authorised; except so far as he follows the manners of his country, and the impulse of his peculiar character. I suppose he means little; though he has said much. Not that I am certain. He may be more in earnest than I desire; but I hope he is not; because, if I am to be your sister as well as your friend, I should be sorry that any thing should excite a shadow of doubt in the mind of Clifton.

The Count is one of the Provençal nobility; a whimsical creature, with an imagination

imagination amazingly rapid, but extravagant. Your brother calls him Count Shatter-brain; and I tell him that he forgets he has some claim to the title himself. The Count has read the old Provençal poets, and romance writers, till he has made himself a kind of Don Quixote; except that he has none of the Don's delightful systematic gravity. The Count on the contrary amuses by his want of system, and his quick, changeable incongruity. He is in raptures one moment with what he laughs at the next. Were it not for the mad follies of jealousy, against which we cannot be too guarded, the manner in which he addresses, or in his own language adores me, would be pleasant. If I wished

wished to pass my life in laughing, I
would certainly marry the Count.

I am called to dinner. Adieu.

Ever and ever yours,

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Chateau de Villebrun.

MY alarms, Louisa, increase; and with them my anxious wishes for an eclairsissement with Frank. Clifton has too strongly imbibed high but false notions of honour and revenge. His quick, apt, and versatile talents are indubitable. He wants nothing but the
 power

power to curb and regulate his passions,
to render him all that his generous and
excellent sister could desire. But at pre-
sent his sensibility is too great. He
scarcely can brook the slightest tokens
of disapprobation. He is rather too
firmly persuaded that he deserves ap-
plause, and admiration; and that re-
proof he scarcely can deserve: or, if he
did, to submit to it he imagines would
be dishonourable.

Frank and he behave more than usu-
ally cool to each other; I know not
why, unless it has been occasioned by an
incident which happened yesterday.
Clifton has bought an English hunter,
from one of his countrymen at Paris,
which he was exhibiting to his French
friends, whose horsemanship is very dif-
ferent

ferent from ours, and who were surprised to see him ride so fearlessly over gates and other impediments. They continued their airing in the park of Villebrun, and turned round to a kind of haha, which was both deep and wide, and about half full of water, by the side of which they saw a party of ladies standing, and me among the rest. Frank was with us.

One of the gentlemen asked whether the horse could leap over the haha : to which Clifton made no answer, but immediately clapped spurs to his hunter, and over he flew. The whole company, gentlemen and ladies, broke out into exclamations of surprise ; and Clifton turned his horse's head round, and regained his former place.

While

While they were wondering, Frank Henley happened to make it a matter of doubt whether a man or a horse could leap the farthest; and Clifton, continually in the habit of contending with Frank, said it was ridiculous to start such an argument, unless he would first shew that he himself could make the same leap. Frank, piqued in his turn, retired a few yards; and, without pulling off his coat or deigning to leap, he made a short run and a hop and sprang over.

You may imagine that the kind and good folks, who love to be astonished, and still more to tell the greatness of their astonishment, were manifold in their interjections. Frank, in order to rejoin the company, was obliged a second time to cross the hah; which he did with
the

the same safety and truly amazing agility as he had done before.

Clifton, indulging his wrong habits, though I have no doubt, admiring Frank as much as the rest, told him in a kind of sarcastic banter that, though he could not prove the equality of mankind, he had at least proved himself equal to a horse. To which Frank replied he was mistaken; for that he had shewn himself equal to the horse and his rider.

This answer I fear dwells upon the mind of Clifton; and I scarcely myself can tell whether it were or were not worthy of Frank. How can Clifton be wilfully blind to such courage, rectitude of heart, understanding and genius?

The stern unrelenting fortitude of Frank, in the cause of justice, and some
 symptoms

symptoms of violence in the impetuous Clifton, have inspired me with apprehensions; and have induced me to behave with more reserve and coldness to Frank than I ever before assumed.

Yet, Louisa, my heart is wrung to see the effect it produces. He has a mind of such discriminating power, such magnanimity, that an injury to it is a deep, a double sin; and every look, every action testify that he thinks himself injured, by the distance with which I behave. Oh that he himself might be impelled to begin the subject with which my mind is labouring!

This is wrong; I am ashamed of my own cowardice. Yet would there not be something terrifying in a formal appointment, to tell him what it seems
must

must be told?—Yes, Louisa, must—
And is there not danger he should
think me severe; nay unjust?—Would
it were over!—I hope he will not
think so of me!—It must be done!—
Must!—Must!—

Indeed, Louisa, I could be a very
woman——But I will not!—No, no!—
It is passed——I have put my hand-
kerchief to my eyes and it is gone——I
have repressed an obstinate heaving of
the heart——

Let her blame me, if I deserve it,
but my Louisa must see me as I am—
Yet I will conquer——Be sure I will—
But I must not sing his song any more!

A. W. ST. IVES.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.**FRANK HENLEY**

TO

OLIVER TRENCHARD.*Chateau de Villebrun.*

OH, my friend, my heart is torn ! I am on the rack ! My thoughts are all tumult ! My passions rebel ! I seem to have yielded up the best prerogative of man, reason ; and to have admitted revolt, anarchy, and desolation !

Her manner is changed ! Wholly !

She

She is become cold, reserved; has marked me out for neglect; smiles on me no more; not a sigh escapes her. And why? What have I done? I am unconscious. Have I been too presuming? Perhaps so. But why did her looks never till now speak her meaning as intelligibly as they do at present? I could not then have mistaken them. Why, till now, has she seemed to regard me with that sweet amenity which was so flattering to hope?

Perhaps, in the distraction of my thoughts, I am unjust to her. And shall I, pretending as I do to love so pure, shall I become her accuser? What if she meant no more than that commerce of grateful kindness, which knits together

ther human society, and renders it delightful?

Yet this sudden change! So evidently intentional! The smiles too which she bestows on the brother of Louisa, and the haughty airs of triumph which he assumes, what can these be? Confident in himself, ardent in his desires, unchecked by those fears which are the offspring of true delicacy, his passions violent, and his pride almost insufferable, he thinks he loves. But he is ignorant of the alarms, the tremors, the "fitful fevers" of love.

I cannot endure my present torture. I must seek a desperate end to it, by explanation. Why do I delay? Coward that I am! What worse can happen than despair?

despair? And is not despair itself preferable to that worst of fiends, suspense? What do I mean by despair? Would I, being rejected, desert my duty, sink into self, and poorly linger in wretchedness; or basely put an end to existence? Violently end that which ought to be devoted to the good of others?—How did so infernal a thought enter my mind?—Can I be so very lost a thing?—No!—Despair is something confused, something horrid: I know not what. It may intrude upon me, at black and dismal intervals; but it shall not overwhelm me. I will shake it off. I will meet my destiny.

The clouds are gathering; the storm approaches; I hear the distant thunder rolling; this way it drives; it points at

me; it must suddenly burst! Be it so. Grant me but the spirit of a man, and I yet shall brave its fury. If I am a poor braggart, a half believer in virtue, or virtuous only in words, the feeble victim then must justly perish.

I cannot endure my torments! Cannot, because there is a way to end them. It shall be done.

I blush to read, blush to recollect the rhapsodies of my own perturbed mind! Madman! 'Tis continually thus. Day after day I proceed, reasoning, reproofing, doubting, wishing, believing and despairing, alternately.

Once again, where is this strange impossibility?—In what does it consist?—Are we not both human beings?—What law of Nature has placed
her

her beyond my hopes?—What is rank? Does it imply superiority of mind? Or is there any other superiority?—Am I not a man?—And who is more? Have the titled earned their dignities by any proofs of exalted virtue? Were not these dignities things of accident, in which the owners had no share, and of which they are generally unworthy? And shall hope be thus cowed and killed, without my daring to exert the first and most unalienable of the rights of man, freedom of thought? Shall I not examine what these high distinctions truly are, of which the bearers are so vain?

This Clifton——! Thou knowest not how he treats me. And can she approve, can she second his injustice?—

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Surely

Surely not!—Yet does she not dedicate her smiles to him, her conversation, her time? Does she not shun me, discountenance me, and reprove me, by her silence and her averted eyes?

Once again it must and shall have an end!—I have repeated this too often; but my next shall shew thee I am at length determined.

F. HENLEY.

L. E. T.

LETTER XL.

ANNA WENBOURNE ST. IVES.

TO

LOUISA CLIFTON.

Chateau de Villebrun.

AN affair has just happened in this country which is the universal topic of conversation. The daughter of a noble and wealthy family has fallen in love with a man of uncommon learning, science, and genius, but a musician. In consequence of his great skill and repu-

tation, he was employed to teach her music; and she it appears was too sensible, at least for the decorum of our present manners, of his worth.

The ability to discover his merit implies merit in herself, and the musician and lady were equally enamoured of each other. A plan for elopement consequently was laid, and put in execution; but not effectually, for, before the lovers had passed the confines of the kingdom, they were pursued and overtaken.

The musician knew his own personal danger, and by a stratagem fortunately escaped from his bonds, and attained a place of safety. The lady was brought back; and, from the severity of the French laws and the supposed atrocity
of

of the crime, it is generally affirmed that the musician, notwithstanding his talents and fame, had he been secured, would have been executed.

I have mentioned this adventure, my dear Louisa, not so much for it's own sake as for what relates to myself. It was natural that I should feel compassion for mistakes, if mistakes they be, which have so great an affinity to virtue; and that I should plead for the lovers, and against the barbarity of laws so unjust and inhuman. For it is certain that, had not the musician been put to death, his least punishment would have been perpetual imprisonment.

In a former letter I mentioned the increasing alarms of Sir Arthur; and
this

this was a fit opportunity for him to shew how very serious and great those alarms are. He opposed me, while I argued in behalf of the lovers, with what might in him be called violence; affirmed it was a crime for which no merit or genius could compensate; highly applauded those wholesome laws that prevented such crimes, and preserved the honour of noble families from attaint; lamented the want of similar laws in England; and spoke of the conduct of the young lady with a degree of bitterness which from him was unusual. In fine, the spirit of his whole discourse was evidently to warn me; and explicitly to declare what his opinions on this subject are.

Had I before wanted conviction, he

I

fully

fully convinced me, on this occasion, of the impossibility of any union between me and Frank Henley ; at least without sacrificing the felicity of my father and my family, and from being generally and sincerely beloved by them, rendering myself the object of eternal reproach, and almost of hatred.

Previous to this conversation, I was uneasy at the state of my own mind, and particularly at what I suppose to be the state of Mr. Henley's ; and this uneasiness is at present very much increased.

Once again, Louisa, it must immediately have an end. I can support it no longer. I must be firm. My half-staggering resolution is now fixed. I cannot, must not doubt. My father and family must

must not be sacrificed to speculative probabilities. Frank is the most deserving of mankind; and that it should be a duty to reject the most deserving of mankind, as the friend of my life, my better self, my husband, is strange; but I am nevertheless convinced that a duty it is. Yes; the conflicts of doubt are over. I must and will persevere.

Poor Frank! To be guilty of injustice to a nature so noble, to wring a heart so generous, and to neglect desert so unequalled, is indeed a killing thought! But the stern the unrelenting dictates of necessity must be obeyed. The neglect the injustice and the cruelty are the world's, not mine: my heart disavows them, revolts at them, detests them!

Heaven:

Heaven bless my Louisa, and give her superior prudence to guard and preserve her from these too strong susceptibilities! May the angel of fortitude never forsake her, as she seems half inclined to do her poor

A. W. ST. IVES.

END OF VOLUME II.

ERRATUM.

Vol. II. page 142. line 15. for *quelque chose à boire*, read
quelque chose pour boire.

A NOVEL

Heaven bless my father, and give
his superior wisdom to guide and pro-
tect his people.
I have not been able to find a
better name for this book than
never to be forgotten.
I have not been able to find a
better name for this book than



A. W. ST. IVES

END OF VOLUME II.

ERRATUM.

Vol. II. page 11. line 25. for 'the' read 'a' and 'the' read 'an'.
page 12. line 1. for 'the' read 'a' and 'the' read 'an'.